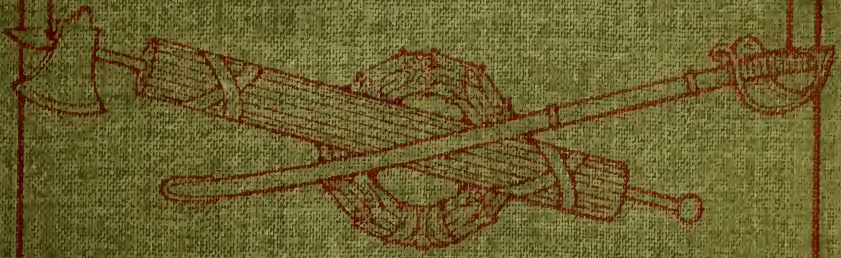
TWO GREAT SOUTHERNERS

JEFFERSON DAVIS — ROBERT E. LEE



A. C. WHITEHEAD

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TWO GREAT SOUTHERNERS

JEFFERSON DAVIS
AND
ROBERT E. LEE

BY

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EAST END SCHOOL, ATLANTA, GA.

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two great southerners.

W. P. I

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PREFACE

The primary aim of this book is to acquaint the children of the South with the goodness and grandeur of the lives of two of her noblest sons.

The suggestion for the work came from a report of the Library Committee of the School Officials of Georgia, who urged that some one write the life of Jefferson Davis for use in the Southern schools. Not only was Davis a leading figure in the Southern Confederacy, but he played an important part in his time in our national life. He was a man of high ideals and lofty ambitions. Of the goodness and purity of General Lee there can be no question. It seems, therefore, especially fitting that the stories of the President of the Confederacy and of his Commander in Chief should be given together.

All points of controversy and sectional feeling have been avoided. It is a time when the whole nation is laying aside discussion of such topics, a time when North and South are, each realizing and acknowledging that in the Great Trial each was faithful to duty.

The author's thanks are due to Professor Carl W. Steed of Mercer University and to Dr. W. F. Melton of Emory College for valuable criticisms and corrections.

A. C. W.

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JEFFERSON DAVIS

Jefferson Davis

TWO GREAT SOUTHERNERS

JEFFERSON DAVIS

CHAPTER I

THE DAVIS FAMILY

If you look with care on the map of the British Isles, you will find a part of one of them which is called Wales. In olden times, the people of all these islands were of the Celtic race. When the Anglo-Saxons invaded Britain during the fifth century, A.D., the Celtic inhabitants were pressed westward by degrees until they could go no farther, for they were stopped by the blue waters of the Irish Sea. So they took up their abode among the Cambrian Mountains in the western part of England. Here they lived and defied their enemies for centuries. They were a brave, proud, and unconquerable race, and so they remain to this day. Their country came to be called Wales.

Now about the beginning of the eighteenth century, at the time William and Mary were on the English throne, three Davis brothers left their homes in Wales

and came to America. At first they all settled in Philadelphia.

The youngest of these three brothers, whose name was Evan, soon removed to Georgia, at that time a colony of Great Britain. In Georgia, he married a widow, a Mrs. Emory. Their only son was named Samuel.

The American colonies had now grown so in wealth and population that they were no longer willing to pay taxes to England unless they could have members in her Parliament. England would not consent to this. As you have doubtless already learned, the quarrel resulted in the Revolutionary War.

When Samuel Davis was about sixteen years old, his mother sent him to carry food and clothes to two of his half-brothers who were fighting in the American army against the British. He found them in active service, and he was soon so well pleased with the life they were leading that he decided to join the army and become a soldier himself.

He remained with the soldiers of South Carolina and Georgia until the close of the war. But he had gained such experience that he was allowed to raise a company of infantry in Georgia, of which he was captain. This company he led to Savannah to carry assistance to the American army which the British then had shut up in that city.

When the great Revolution at last ended, he returned to his home. His mother had died and the old place was a wreck. All the property which could be moved had been carried away by the Indians, Tories, and British soldiers. The buildings had been burned, the fences had been torn away, and the crops destroyed. It was no longer a home for young Samuel Davis; so he settled at another place near Augusta, and engaged in farming.

His chances for obtaining an education in boyhood had been very good. He had tried to learn and was well educated for those times. As he had also been known favorably to the people of his community all his life, they made him clerk of the county.

He did well on his new farm near Augusta, and it was to this home he brought his wife. While he was in the war, he had one day stopped at a home in South Carolina to get some refreshments. He there met pretty Jane Cook. These two young people soon were in love with each other. When the war had ended, and Samuel had prepared a place for them to live in, he went back to see her and took her home with him as his bride.

She was of Scotch-Irish descent and was noted for her beauty and sprightly mind. He was handsome, active in body and mind, and well thought of among his neighbors. They lived at this place near Augusta a good many years and were prosperous and happy.

CHAPTER II

BIRTH AND BOYHOOD

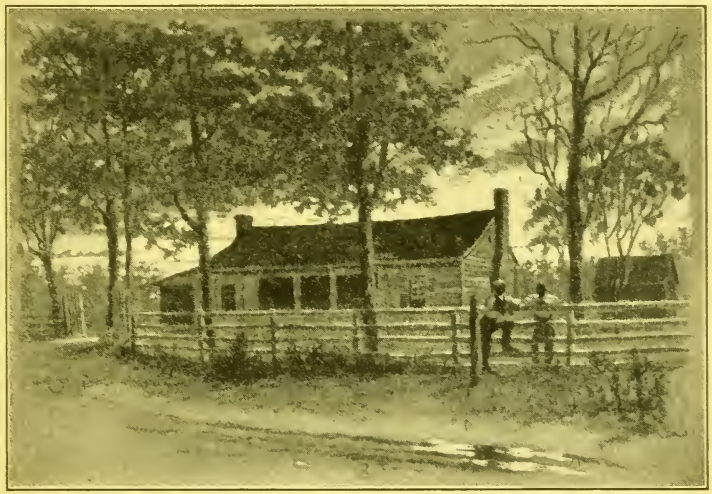
Samuel Davis thought he could make a better living more easily in a newer country. So about the year 1800, with his wife and several children, he moved to Kentucky. He settled in what was then Christian County. It was a large county and later was divided, so the place where Samuel Davis settled was in what is now Todd County. The town of Fairburn has since grown up on the place where the home was built. He began growing tobacco for the market and raising blooded horses, of which he owned some of the finest in the county.

At this new home in Kentucky, Jefferson Davis was born, the 3d of June, 1808. He was the youngest of his father's family of ten children. There were five brothers and five sisters. All lived to be grown men and women except one of the sisters.

While Jefferson was yet an infant, his father again moved, this time to Bayou Têche in Louisiana. The health of the children was not good here, so the father sought a higher, healthier district to which he might carry them. He found a place which suited him about a mile east of Woodville, in Wilkinson County, Mississippi. He moved his family there and settled.

Not many people lived in that county. Fish and game birds were plentiful; bears and deer could be found in the woods and dense swamps. The Davis boys, no doubt, often had fine sport fishing and hunting in this new country.

The schools were kept in log cabins. The teachers



BIRTHPLACE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS

usually did not know much themselves, but believed in severe punishments for the slightest offenses against "the rules." As in most of the oldtime schools, the teaching was confined largely to the three "R's, readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmetic."

It was in one of these log-cabin schools that little

Jefferson began his education. He was about five years old when he first went to school. His sister Polly, about seven, went with him.

In the neighborhood, there lived an old chair mender, who would go about from house to house and collect the chairs to be mended. As he carried them himself, on his arms, back, shoulders, or even on his head, he was a queer sight. At a distance, it was sometimes almost impossible to tell what kind of animal he really was. Also he was apt to drink too much, and then he was troublesome and even dangerous. The children for miles around were very much afraid of him.

One day when Jefferson and Polly were going through the loneliest part of the woods to school, with their dinner in a basket, they saw coming towards them what they thought to be the drunken chair mender. They were badly frightened, but Jefferson took his sister's hand and said, "We will not run, Polly."

The object slowly drew nearer, while they trembled and waited in dread at what the old chair mender might do. On it came, until it was near enough for them to see that it was a wild deer with great, branching horns. It gazed at them for a few moments with its large, round eyes, then turned and bounded off into the forest.

This school did not last long, and Jefferson's first term came to a close without his having learned very much.

CHAPTER III

IN SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

When Jefferson was seven years old, he was sent to a Catholic school in Kentucky, known as St. Thomas's School.

As there were then no steamboats on the Mississippi River and no stagecoaches running from Mississippi to Kentucky, he made the trip from his home to St. Thomas's on horseback. He went in company with a Major Hinds and his family. Major Hinds had a son, Howell, of about Jefferson's own age, who also went with them. No doubt these two boys rode side by side and spent a great part of their time, as they went along, in talking of the country and the interesting things they saw on the way.

The journey was several weeks long. At night they usually camped, but once or twice they had the opportunity of spending the night at the "Stands." These Stands, as they were called, were a sort of inn kept by Indians or Frenchmen, where tired-out travelers, or those too sick to go on, might rest and recover their health and strength.

On the way they passed many men who were returning to their homes far up the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. These men had gone down the river on rafts

and flatboats to New Orleans and were now making their way back home on foot.

In St. Thomas's School, which was kept by Dominican priests, Jefferson was the youngest pupil. He was very lonely, and as all the other boys were Catholics, he decided that he too would become a Catholic. So one day he went to speak with one of the priests about the matter. He found the priest eating his lunch. Jefferson told him of what he was thinking. The priest listened attentively to what he had to say, then gave him some of his bread and milk, and told the young, would-be-Catholic that it was better that he be content for the present with some Catholic food. The good old priest knew the lad was too young to choose for himself while away from the influence of his parents.

Little Jefferson was so lonely that one of the old priests took him to sleep in his room. The boys of the school had a special dislike for this priest. They made a plot against him in which they persuaded Jefferson, at a given signal, to blow out the light in the priest's room. The boys then attacked the priest with missiles of various kinds.

The priests tried to find out who the plotters were. They believed Jefferson knew more than he would tell. They threatened him with punishment, but they did not find out from him. One priest took him up to the top story of the building, where the boys were usually

punished, and strapped him down to a sort of frame made for the purpose. He then promised the boy that he would not punish him if he would tell what he knew. "I know one thing," said Jefferson. "I know who blew out the light. It was I." At this the old priest was much amused. He gave Jefferson some advice, and let him go without a whipping.

He remained in this school two years. In the meantime, steamboats had been put on the Mississippi River, and Jefferson went back home on one of them. He enjoyed very much this new way of traveling.

He had grown much larger in the two years and looked quite different from the seven-year-old boy who had gone away. Just before he reached home, he decided that it would be good fun to play that he was some one else, so that his mother would not know him. So he approached the house and, seeing his mother, went up to her and said in a careless way, "Have you seen any stray horses around here?" "No," said his mother, "but I see a stray boy," and she drew him close to her and kissed him. She was very glad to see him. He then ran into the fields to find his father, who was also glad to have his boy at home again.

When he was ten years old, he entered Jefferson Academy. One of the teachers in this school did not have much education and had a great contempt for Latin. But he was good-hearted and liked Jefferson

and used to call out to the young student whenever he saw him, "Hello, Jefferson, how are you getting along with your *hic, haec, hoc?*"

An academy was established in his home county, and young Jefferson at once entered it. One day the teacher of this school gave a longer lesson than Jefferson thought he could learn. When it came time to recite, Jefferson did not know the lesson. When the teacher threatened to punish him, he took up his books, went home, and told his father of the affair.

His father listened carefully to his story and then said, "Every one must work, either with hands or with head. It is for you to choose with which you will work; of course, my son could not be an idler. I want more cotton pickers, and I will give you work."

Jefferson got a sack and basket and went to the cotton field. Up and down the long cotton rows, he picked for two days, along with his father's negro slaves. Then he decided that he preferred long lessons to picking cotton. The next day he was in his usual place at school and did not complain any more. He studied so well that he was soon able to enter college.

At the age of twelve, he was sent to Kentucky, where he entered Transylvania College. Here he was very diligent and attentive to his studies.

Here too he formed a close friendship with a youth from Iowa who afterwards became General George W.

Jones. This friendship lasted as long as they lived. General Jones tells us that Jefferson Davis was considered by the faculty of the college the brightest and most intelligent of all the boys, and that his fellow-students thought he was the bravest and handsomest of all. He was a good student, always prepared with his lessons, and respectful and polite to the president and the professors of the college.

In appearance, he was attractive, strongly built, and very manly in bearing. At college, as well as all his life afterward, he was gay and "brimful of buoyant spirit," but at the same time, gentle and refined.

He remained at Transylvania until he was in his senior year, when he received an appointment to West Point, where, as you know, officers for the United States army are trained.

CHAPTER IV

AT WEST POINT

On July 4, 1824, when Jefferson was about sixteen years old, his father died. Jefferson was still at Transylvania. The last time he had seen his father was on leaving home to go to college. Samuel Davis had bidden his son, Jefferson, "good-by" and was leaving the house to ride over the plantation. The horse which he

intended to ride was restless and would not be still long enough for him to put his foot in the stirrup to mount. At last, becoming impatient, he leapt, at a single spring, on to the horse's back and rode away. Jefferson left for Transylvania before his father returned to the house and never saw him again.

He was much affected by the news of his father's death, for he loved him tenderly. On one occasion, after Jefferson had reached the age of thirty-nine, he attempted to read in public one of his father's letters. So many memories of his parent were recalled that he was choked with sobs and compelled to stop.

His love and veneration for his father were very great. In after years, when he was about seventy-eight years old, he gave the place of his birth to the Baptists of Fairview, Kentucky, as a site for a new church. He was asked why he, not being a Baptist, should give the property to the Baptists. "I am not a Baptist," said he, "but my father, who was a better man than I am, was a Baptist."

It seems that there was always a great deal of warlike blood in the Davis family. Jefferson Davis himself once said, "My father and my uncle fought through the Revolution of 1776 . . . ; three of my brothers fought in the War of 1812. Two of them were comrades of the 'Hero of the Hermitage' at New Orleans and received his commendation for gallantry."

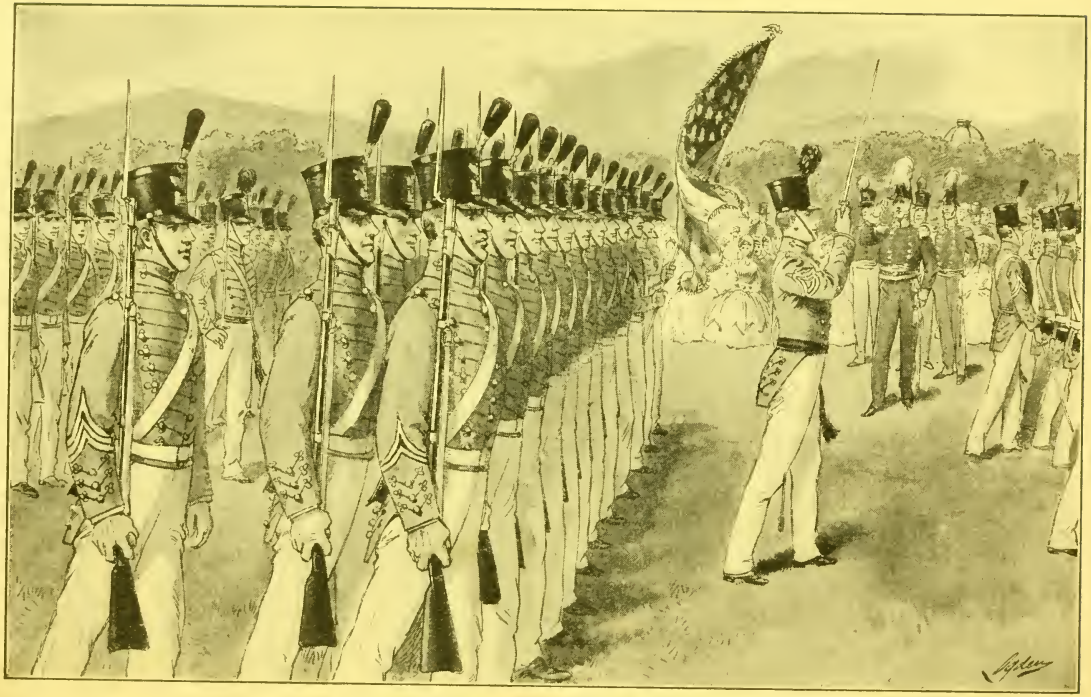
So, when Jefferson at sixteen received the appointment to the military school at West Point, we are not surprised to find his eldest brother, Joseph, urging him to accept it and become a soldier; nor are we surprised to find Jefferson perfectly willing to do so.

At West Point, his life was not very different from that of most other military cadets. His figure was soldierlike and rather robust; his step was quick and springy, like the tread of an Indian brave on the war-path. It is said he was distinguished in the corps for his manly bearing and his high-toned, lofty character.

He was diligent, but he did not stand high in his class. When he finished the four years' course of study, he was number twenty-three in a class of thirty-three. He, however, was the only one to become famous.

At West Point he happened to be disliked by one of the professors who never let an opportunity pass without making Jefferson feel this dislike. One day the professor, in a lecture, while looking straight at Cadet Davis, said that we ought always to keep our presence of mind, but he doubted not there were some persons who, if the test came, would forget themselves and not know what to do. Young Davis knew these remarks were meant as an insult to him. He felt it keenly but made no reply.

The test soon came. The class was one day at work experimenting with fireballs in a room where a great



WEST POINT IN JEFFERSON DAVIS'S TIME

quantity of powder and other explosives had been stored. One of the fireballs became ignited, and there was great danger of the entire building being blown up.

Cadet Davis quietly said to the professor who had made the remark about presence of mind, "What shall I do, sir? A fireball here has ignited." The professor threw everything aside and ran, calling to the cadets, "Run for your lives!" Davis picked up the fireball and threw it from a window and thus saved the building as well as the lives of his classmates.

During the time the cadets are being trained for soldiers at West Point, a sum of money is paid them regularly for their expenses. Davis saved a part of his money every month and sent it to his mother. Once or twice she returned it to him because she thought he really needed all he received. But when she found that this gave him pain, she kept it.

He was graduated from the West Point Military Academy in 1828, when he was about twenty years old.

CHAPTER V

THE YOUNG OFFICER

Immediately after his graduation from West Point, he was made brevet second lieutenant in the Sixth Regiment of the infantry of the United States army.

He was at once sent West and ordered to report to Major Bennett Riley. The young officer dressed himself in full uniform and reported as ordered.

The Major was a blunt old soldier, but he soon became very fond of Lieutenant Davis and always spoke to him when off duty as "my son." Eighteen years afterwards when the Mexican War began they met again. "Well, my son," said the old soldier to Davis as soon as he saw him, "here we are again. Good luck to you, my boy! As for me, six feet of Mexican soil, or a yellow sash." A yellow sash was a mark of a general officer and it was a much-sought honor. The Major won the yellow sash and Jefferson Davis won fame.

Lieutenant Davis was soon removed to the First Regiment of infantry as a full second lieutenant. In 1829, he was stationed at Fort Crawford in what was then Michigan Territory, but is now Wisconsin.

The fort was in need of some repairs. Lieutenant Davis was given a detachment of men to cut timber for this purpose. He placed his men in little, open boats, and they had their food supplies and tools for cutting and rafting timber in the boats with them. They were guided by Frenchmen called *voyageurs*. These men knew the rivers and forests, and could go where they wished without losing their way.

The party had gone some distance up the Red Cedar River, when a band of Indians on the shore hailed them

and demanded that the white men come ashore and sell them some tobacco. The young lieutenant and his men cautiously rowed near the shore until they saw that the Indians were ready to fight and meant to attack them, then they rowed rapidly away. The Indians leaped into their own canoes, which had been hidden in the bushes at the water's edge, and pursued.

The Indians could row as fast as the white men could, and for a time it looked as if the Indians would overtake them, until Lieutenant Davis thought of rigging up sails, made from tent covers. After this was done, the Indian braves were soon left so far behind that they gave up the pursuit.

Lieutenant Davis and his men went on up the river till they found trees suitable for the purpose of repairing the fort. Then they landed, fixed their camps, and began cutting timber.

There was great danger from the Indians. One day when they were busy cutting near the river, they saw a large number of Indians coming up the river in canoes. The Indians were dressed out in their feathers and red war paint and were singing war songs.

The timber cutters were too few in number to fight the Indians, so they hid themselves. A canoe landed, and the Indians began to search and plunder. One Indian came within twelve feet of where the young lieutenant lay hidden. The Indians did not find any

of them, and soon went back to their canoes. They then paddled on up the river and were soon lost to sight. The lumbermen came out from their hiding places and began cutting timber again, glad that they had not been found.

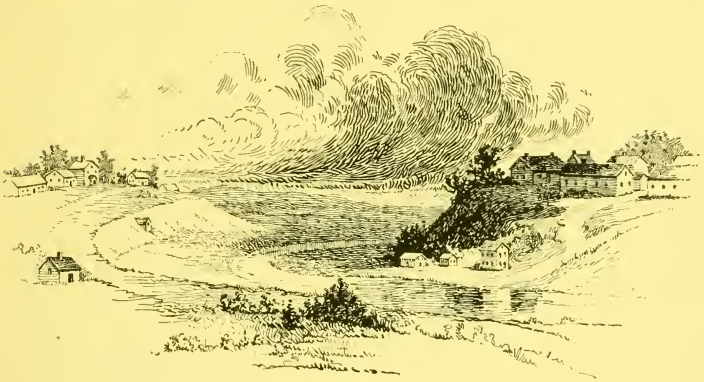
The woods were wild, and very few white people lived in that country, and they only to the south of where the timber cutters were at work. Not much amusement was to be had except fishing and hunting. But the few settlers sometimes gave what were called "gumbo balls." These were dances, at which the refreshments served were large bowls of gumbo soup. The music for the dancing was made on fiddles.

Once the fiddlers were sick and could not play for the dancing. So two little girls were placed behind a curtain to sing. They sang, "The moon, it is a rizin', Jinnie, come away." The young people danced to this music till early in the morning and were happy. The timber cutters were glad to lose a night's sleep for such pleasures. The people also had wolf fights for amusement. These were very much like dog fights. The lieutenant and his men could also go sleighing when they had the time.

At last, the timber was cut and fastened together in large rafts on the river. It was then drifted down to the fort. It is said that Jefferson Davis was the first lumberman in Wisconsin.

He was ordered to leave Fort Crawford and to go to Fort Winnebago, which was about two miles from the place where the Fox River unites with the Wisconsin.

About the fort there were many Indians who spent a great deal of time gambling on horse fights. Two horses would be shut up together in a large stable built



FORT WINNEBAGO

of logs, and then made to fight with each other. The Indians would bet on which horse would overcome and be victorious.

These Indians were very dangerous and lurked in the forests ready to kill and scalp any unfortunate white man whom they found, especially if any Indian had been killed by the whites, even by accident. At one time, with a small party of soldiers, Lieutenant Davis had been out looking over the country. They met a

large band of Indians, who seemed very friendly. Lieutenant Davis asked them the way. One of the Indians placed himself directly in front of the white men and pointed in a wrong direction. Lieutenant Davis then put spurs to his horse, seized the Indian by the scalplock, and dragged him some distance. The Indians, who had intended an attack, were so frightened at such treatment that they did not molest Davis and his men any more.

The Indians of this region had a very pretty legend about the Fox River, and they told it to Jefferson Davis. They said that ages ago, a large serpent which lived in the Mississippi River once went for a frolic to the Great Lakes. It left its trail through the prairie and this gathered the waters of the meadows and the dews from heaven as they fell, and became the Fox River. If you will look on the map and see how crooked and winding is the course of this river, you will easily understand how a simple-minded, superstitious race could make and believe such fables.

Here Lieutenant Davis was again busy with repairs on the fort. But he had a portion of time to spend in reading, studying, and in riding wild horses. He had many narrow escapes from Indians. Once he was riding a wild horse which did not wish to be ridden. It reared until it fell in trying to throw its rider from its back. The young officer leaped off as the horse went down,

and as it rose he again with a sudden spring vaulted into the saddle. The horse was easily ridden then and did not give him further trouble.

At that time, there were large lead mines at Galena in Illinois. A great many people from the Eastern states were moving to these mines as well as to other places in the great West. In the winter of 1831, Lieutenant Davis found a large number of these people who had been compelled to stop on the banks of the Rock River. The mail was also stopped. They were all anxious to cross the river, but they could not because the water was too deep to be forded and it was not yet frozen thick enough to bear the weight of the horses and wagons.

Lieutenant Davis took charge of affairs. He ordered the men to cut sheets of ice from the river and place them so as to make a wide road across the river. Water was poured over each of the blocks and, as the water was freezing, the blocks of ice were held fast in place. Several men fell into the freezing water, but they would go to a large fire which had been built, and as soon as they were dry, they would go back to cutting and carrying ice blocks and water. In this way the work was kept going. Layer after layer of the ice was placed and water poured over it, until there was a good strong passage across the river. The people then drove over in safety.

CHAPTER VI

IN THE WEST

THE year 1831 found Lieutenant Davis on the Yellow River building a fort. While here, he was adopted "within the sacred bond of brotherhood" by an old Indian chief who loved him very much, and who afterwards called him "Little Chief."

While he was building the fort, he was in so much bad weather that he had pneumonia and was very ill for quite a long time. He grew so thin that James Pemberton, his negro body servant, could easily lift him about from place to place. Every day he was lifted by James to the window of their hut, where he would sit and direct the work of building. All of the valuables were given to James, who took care of them until his young master was well again. James continued to be a faithful servant of the family for many years.

In 1832, the Winnebago, Sac, and Fox tribes of Indians began a war in Illinois. Chief Black Hawk, their leader, was a bold, crafty warrior. The war took its name from him.

The United States government called for volunteers to help the regular soldiers fight these Indians. General Scott, at that time commander in chief of the American army, sent two young lieutenants, Jefferson Davis

and Robert Anderson, to administer the oath of allegiance to these volunteers. It is said that Abraham Lincoln, who was captain of an Illinois company, had the oath administered to him by Jefferson Davis.

Lieutenant Davis took part in the war and was at the battle of Bad Axe, where General Atkinson defeated Black Hawk and his warriors. The old chief and most of his warriors were made prisoners, and Jefferson Davis was sent to carry them to St. Louis. By his kind treatment of these Indians he made them his friends.

As they went down the Mississippi River, some of the Indians were attacked by the dread Asiatic cholera which was then epidemic in the United States. There were two Indian braves who had sworn an "oath of friendship." This was a common custom among the Indians. It bound each to love and never to forsake the other. These two Indians were very ill with cholera and they had no hope of living. So they begged to be put ashore to die.

Lieutenant Davis was deeply touched with pity, and so he yielded to their entreaties and put them ashore. When last he saw them, the stronger Indian was supporting the head of the other on his lap. Davis's heart ached to leave them alone on the banks of this great "Father of Waters," but it was their wish. He never knew their fate.

When this campaign against the Indians was over,

the young officer was highly praised by his superior officers for the soldierlike manner in which he had conducted himself. But he always said the Indians were the real heroes of the war, because they had fought bravely for what they thought were their rights. The women as well as the men had fought and endured hardships with patience and courage.

Upon his return from carrying the Indians to St. Louis, he was sent to remove the squatters who had taken possession of the lands and lead mines about Dubuque, left vacant by the removal of the Sacs and Foxes. Two other lieutenants had already failed to induce these people to move. They felt that they had a right to settle there and they were ready to fight for their rights. Lieutenant Davis met them and explained what he had come for. He told them that the lands belonged to the United States government, and that the rights of the people would be protected just as soon as the claims of the Sacs and Foxes could be managed.

The squatters grumbled and threatened and appeared to be dangerous, but Lieutenant Davis told them that if they would think over what he had said to them, he was sure they would be willing to leave without trouble. Next day when he went back for their answer, he was told that they had said they would kill him if he came to the house where they were gathered. But he walked straight to it, went in, and spoke to them pleasantly.

They all finally agreed to move. One woman who was unable to move at that time was allowed to stay in her husband's cabin, as the winter was very severe. She was ever afterwards one of his most faithful friends.

About this time, there came a very severe test of the principles of Lieutenant Davis. The tariff is the amount of money which must be paid by the owner of certain goods when they are brought into a country or carried out of it. A tariff may be charged for the support of the government only. In this case, it is usually not very heavy and is easily paid. Or, a tariff may be charged on goods for the protection of manufacturers of the same kind of goods in the country where the tariff is to be paid. In this case, it is almost always heavy, and it often seems to be extremely unjust to the consumers of the goods.

The United States Congress passed an act in 1816 providing for a protective tariff, which was increased in 1828. It was passed in order to encourage the manufacture of certain kinds of goods in our country by charging other countries for the right to bring their goods here to sell them. Without the tariff, other countries could send goods here and sell them to us cheaper than our own factories could sell them to us. In such a case, without a tariff, we should soon have no factories making such goods. Now, as it is well for every country to have factories of its own to supply

people with work to do and also to be independent in case of war, it is often best to have a protective tariff.

But the tariff of 1828 was working hardships upon the people of the South. They had no factories through which they might receive any profit arising from the tariff, while, on the other hand, they were compelled to pay higher prices for their supplies of clothing, household furniture, and metal goods of all kinds.

So it happened that this tariff question had stirred up a great deal of discussion and bitter feeling in the South. Indeed, the people of South Carolina called a convention which adopted what was called the Ordinance of Nullification. It declared that Congress had no right to enact a protective tariff. The tariff was declared to be "null and void." It ordered that no more duties should be paid in South Carolina after February 1, 1833. It declared that, if the Federal government tried to force the payment of duties, South Carolina would no longer remain in the Union, but would withdraw and set up an independent government. The legislature of the State confirmed the Ordinance of Nullification and passed the laws which were needed to give it force.

Then President Andrew Jackson sent troops and ships of war to Charleston to be ready to collect the tariff by force, if necessary. As Lieutenant Davis was in the United States army, he thought that he might be sent to help force South Carolina to pay the tariff. Now,

he did not believe that the Federal government had the right to force any state to pay the tariff. So he himself tells us that, though he was by choice and education a soldier, nevertheless he determined to resign his commission in the army rather than aid in forcing South Carolina to pay a protective duty. In 1833, however, a compromise was effected by the great Henry Clay, and Lieutenant Davis was thus freed from such a step.

During the same year, a regiment of mounted soldiers called dragoons was organized in the United States army. Jefferson Davis was made a first lieutenant in this regiment and was given duty as an adjutant. In this capacity, he went with his regiment among the Indians of the Western plains.

Some of the Indians were dissatisfied and unfriendly to the United States government. The purpose of the expedition was to cultivate the respect and good will of the Indians, and also to impress them with the military power of the United States.

One day the soldiers met a large party of warriors and stopped to hold a "powwow" with them. Lieutenant Davis grew tired of listening to this, so he took an Indian up behind him on his horse and rode off to look about, carrying the Indian for a guide. They went a considerable distance and were just about to enter the mouth of a deep cañon, when the Indian all at once uttered a strange cry which Lieutenant Davis mistook

DAVIS AT THE INDIAN VILLAGE

for a hostile call to other Indians. He was somewhat frightened and drew his pistol on the Indian.

The "brave" was more frightened than Davis and quickly made signs that he was friendly and did not mean any harm. He uttered the cry again, and they saw a ladder let down the walls of the cañon from the top. They climbed up this, and when they reached the top, they found themselves in the Indian village from which all the warriors had gone to the "powwow."

Only the very old men, the women, and the children were left at home. They had swings for seats. Soon they brought some melons and cut them and gave some to Lieutenant Davis. He liked them and ate very heartily. He was so browned by being in the sun so much that he was almost the color of an Indian. When some of the juice of the melon ran down his arm, he turned his cuff back to dry it away. The Indian women and children were greatly astonished to see the white skin of his arm, for they had never seen a white man before. Then they wished to examine his breast to see if that too was white. They wondered greatly when they saw that it was.

For some time he told them funny stories and kept them in a good humor. When he had rested and was ready to leave, the ladder was let down, and he was guided back to his friends by the Indian who had come away with him.

The soldiers killed a great many buffaloes on this expedition, sometimes they had almost no food but buffalo flesh. Lieutenant Davis had some experience in cooking. He tried to make soup from the buffalo meat, but as they had no flour, it was pretty thin. He always declared afterwards that it made no difference how much buffalo flesh might be put in the water to boil, there could be "no soup without flour, but just tea."

On these western expeditions, he learned to make himself content with any food that might be put before him. He never complained of his food, for he used to say that there are so many pleasures higher than that of eating.

CHAPTER VII

THE PLANTER AND POLITICIAN

In 1835, when Lieutenant Davis was just twenty-eight years old, he retired from the army.

Two years before, when he had been at Fort Crawford, Colonel Zachary Taylor had been the commander of the fort. Colonel Taylor had been visited there by his wife and daughters. Lieutenant Davis had met them, and he and Miss Sarah Knox Taylor had become engaged. Soon after Lieutenant Davis retired from the

army, they were married at the home of the young lady's aunt near Louisville, Kentucky.

His oldest brother, Joseph, now gave him an estate, which he called Brierfield. It was given in payment for Jefferson's interest in their father's slaves. Before it was cleared for cultivation, the land was covered with briers, and that is why Jefferson's part was called Brier-

BRIERFIELD

field. It was cut from Joseph's own estate, Hurricane, in Warren County, Mississippi, and was situated about twenty miles below Vicksburg.

Mr. Davis, now a planter, took his young wife to this place, and began cotton planting. The place was very unhealthful, and before a year had passed, both were ill with fever. Mrs. Davis did not recover, and

for a long time, the young planter himself was hardly expected to get well. At last though, when he was strong enough, he took a trip to Cuba, which helped him.

While he was in Havana, the lonely young planter amused himself studying the defenses and fortifications of the city. There was in him still, more of the soldier than of the planter.

One day he learned that a vessel was just ready to sail for New York. He suddenly was seized with a desire to be at home again, and at once embarked. He landed in New York, went to Washington City, and, after some time spent there, returned to his plantation in Mississippi.

He now remained closely at home. Often he did not leave the plantation for a whole year at a time. His plantation joined that of his brother Joseph, a wise, experienced man. Jefferson loved him as a father, and said of him, "He is a profound lawyer, a wise man, and a bold thinker. . . . To him, materially as well as intellectually, I am more indebted than to all other men." As the neighboring country was but thinly settled, Jefferson had no regular associate but this brother.

He applied himself diligently to improving and cultivating his farm, and managed it so well that soon he had amassed a considerable fortune. He also spent a large portion of his time in reading and studying subjects

bearing on the Constitution of the United States and the politics and history of our country. The two brothers talked a great deal on these matters. His mind was greatly enlarged and strengthened by his reading and study and by this association with his brother.

His slaves and all the people in his employ loved him very much, for he was kind to them. His millwright was a tall, awkward man, but he had a good heart. The millwright's wife was afflicted with a cancer. One day Mr. Davis asked him why she was not taken to New Orleans to have it cured. When the millwright replied that he did not have the money to do so, Mr. Davis gave him five hundred dollars and told him to take her to New Orleans and have her cured if it were possible.

In 1843, at the age of thirty-five, and eight years after leaving the army, Mr. Davis was persuaded by the Democratic party of his county to be a candidate for the Mississippi legislature. There were a great many more Whigs than Democrats in the county, so he was defeated. He had expected this and had become a candidate only because he thought it was his duty to his party.

But the next year he was more fortunate in politics, for he was chosen a member of the electoral college of Mississippi.

In 1845, he married a second time. His wife was

Miss Varina Howell of Natchez. She also was of Welsh descent.

During the same year, he was elected to Congress. He took his seat in the House of Representatives soon after the opening of the first session of the Twenty-ninth Congress, December, 1845. He took a lively interest in all questions of importance that came up, and made several speeches which caused him soon to become well known.

CHAPTER VIII

THE SOLDIER AGAIN

In 1846, a war between the United States and Mexico began. The President called for fifty thousand volunteer soldiers. Three hundred thousand at once offered themselves.

Mr. Davis was elected colonel of a regiment from Mississippi. A messenger was sent to Washington to inform him of his election. He was found in the House of Representatives, which at the time was considering an important tariff bill. Mr. Davis at once agreed to become colonel of the regiment.

When President Polk learned these facts and knew that Mr. Davis intended to leave Washington as soon as arms and necessary equipments for his regiment could

be procured, he urged him to remain until the tariff bill could be completed and passed. The President promised to have the Secretary of War send arms and supplies for the regiment so that no time need be lost. So Mr. Davis consented to wait.

Colonel Davis now asked for a thousand percussion, or cap, rifles of a new kind, for his men. Up to that time, the old flint and steel rifles had been in use. General Scott, the commander in chief of the army, objected to the regiments being armed with the cap rifles. He thought it would not be safe to undertake a campaign in the enemy's country with these rifles, because they had not been tested. Colonel Davis knew what sure marksmen the Mississippians were with rifles, and how little faith they had in the army musket. So he insisted on having the percussion rifles, and at last procured them. As the Mississippi regiment was the first to be armed with this new rifle, it was afterwards known as the Mississippi rifle.

Mr. Davis resigned his seat in Congress in the summer of 1846, and hurried away from Washington to Mississippi to join his regiment, which already had set out for the seat of war. He followed and overtook it at New Orleans, where he assumed command. From this place, they were transported by sea to Point Isabel near the mouth of the Rio Grande River.

Here they were delayed for several weeks, waiting

for boats to carry them up the river. Very few of Colonel Davis's men knew anything of army life, and they were ignorant also of military tactics. He therefore seized the opportunity afforded by this delay to train them in the ways and habits of soldiers. In this attempt, he met a serious difficulty at the very beginning. No set of tactics which provided for training soldiers armed with rifles had ever been made. As his regiment was armed with rifles, he set to work and prepared a manual of arms for them. He himself then began teaching it to his officers and required them to teach it to the men of their commands.

The private soldiers had a great deal of amusement at this. Whenever Colonel Davis and his officers passed on their way to practice, the soldiers would say in low tones, "There goes the colonel with his awkward squad." However, in a short time, the regiment was such a well-ordered one that it became a model for the volunteer troops of General Taylor's army.

At last, boats were sent, and Colonel Davis with his regiment went up the Rio Grande to Camargo in the Mexican state of Tamaulipas. He reported to General Taylor, who was encamped at this place, and joined his command.

The men were not allowed to rest long, for in a few days General Taylor's army, which numbered about six thousand men, began a march into the interior of Mexico.

The destination of the army was Monterey, a strongly fortified city on the slopes of the Sierra Madre Mountains. This city had a garrison of regular and volunteer troops, which numbered from nine to fifteen thousand men, commanded by General Ampudia.

The Americans attacked the town of Monterey early on the morning of September 21. General Worth was sent around to the western side or rear of the town to make the main attack. General Taylor himself, with the divisions of General Butler and General Twiggs, made an attack on the opposite side in order to draw the attention of the Mexicans from General Worth's attack. This was to enable General Worth to get as near the Mexicans as possible before they should find out that he was approaching.

The attack on the front by General Taylor proved to be the important one. General Twiggs's command suffered severely, and General Quitman's brigade, of which Colonel Davis's regiment was a part, was sent to help him.

The most advanced position of the Mexicans was an old tannery built of stone, which had been made into a fort. It was filled with infantry and protected by a redoubt built some distance in front of it, and was defended also by artillery.

When Colonel Davis received orders to go to the aid of General Twiggs, he and his regiment eagerly rushed

forward and attacked the redoubt and soon took it. The Mexicans retreated into the old tannery and were trying to close the door when Colonel Davis with his men came up and forced it open. Some of the Mexicans who were near by surrendered immediately. Among these was the officer in command of this fort, who handed his sword to Colonel Davis in token of surrender.

Meanwhile, the other Mexicans in the old tannery were running away to another fort, El Diablo, about three hundred yards farther back. Colonel Davis and his men pursued them. He was on the point of attacking El Diablo when, for some reason unknown to himself, he was ordered back by General Quitman. He did not like this order, but as he was a well-trained soldier, he obeyed. Colonel Davis was now forced to hold his regiment idle under a most destructive fire from Mexican artillery on his left. He was very impatient at the delay and the useless exposure of his men. He was finally allowed to undertake an attack on the Mexican right, but before he could get near enough to begin the attack, he was again ordered by his superior officers to fall back. As he was coming away with his men, he met a large body of lancers and had some satisfaction for his other disappointments, in putting them to rout. He was not engaged in any other fighting the first day, and on the second day, nothing of importance was done.

The fighting was resumed early on the morning of the third day, September 22. It was learned that the Mexicans had given up most of their defenses in the part of the city nearest the American army. They had removed toward the citadel and grand plaza.

Colonel Davis again was ordered to take possession of El Diablo, the fort he had been so eager to take on the first day of the battle, but again he was not allowed to take it. For, before he could accomplish the task, the entire command of General Quitman, including Colonel Davis's regiment, was ordered to make its way cautiously into the heart of the city. Colonel Davis with a part of his own regiment and a part of a Tennessee regiment took the lead in this movement. It was extremely dangerous and difficult but it just suited Jefferson Davis, for he always loved adventure and danger.

The Mexicans had built barricades across the streets. From behind these, from windows, and from the battlemented roofs of the houses, they were able to kill a great many Americans with little danger to themselves. At the same time they swept the streets with a heavy fire from their cannon.

While Colonel Davis was slowly making his way through these difficulties, it was proposed that the Americans should bore their way through the houses instead of going through the open streets. The houses were built very close to each other, and it was decided to

try this plan. So they entered houses and tore their way through the walls from one to the next. By this plan, they were not much exposed to the enemy's fire. They spent the greater part of the day thus in making their way from house to house and from street to street. At one time, Colonel Davis was entirely covered with earth and rubbish by the explosion of a shell. It was reported by a frightened soldier that he was killed, but he was, in fact, not at all hurt.

At one place, they had to cross a street which was swept by the fire of the Mexican guns. Colonel Davis's plan for crossing it with least risk or loss of life was for himself to run rapidly across the street; then others were to rush across, two or three at a time. It was expected that the Mexicans would fire at them, and while they were reloading their guns, the rest of the Americans might cross in safety. So when they were all ready, Colonel Davis led the way and a few others followed. The Mexicans fired away at them, but did not kill any of the Americans. Then some others quickly went across in safety, though the Mexicans were doing their best to kill them. Their guns were soon empty, and then all the Americans rushed across the street as had been planned.

By evening, the Americans had come within two squares of the main plaza. As they were now in danger of being injured by shells from their own cannon, they

were ordered to fall back. This they did and thus closed the last day of this battle.

Early the next morning, General Ampudia proposed to surrender to General Taylor. The terms were soon arranged and agreed upon by these two generals, and so ended the fighting between them.

Soon after the battle of Monterey, General Taylor took possession of the greater part of the Mexican states of Tamaulipas, Nuevo Leon, and Coahuila. Saltillo, the capital of Coahuila, was headquarters for the American army during the winter.

CHAPTER IX

AT BUENA VISTA

A GREAT part of General Taylor's army was now taken from him and sent to aid General Winfield Scott in his campaign against the city of Mexico.

Santa Anna, the commander in chief of the Mexican army and President of the Republic, had meanwhile raised a large army, which was stationed at San Luis Potosi. He knew that General Taylor's army had been very much weakened, and in the latter part of February, 1847, he moved northward to meet and attack him.

As soon as General Taylor knew Santa Anna's plans, he selected a strong place in a narrow valley which

had deep gullies on one side of the road, and steep hills and cliffs on the other. This place was about seven miles south of Saltillo near an hacienda, or Mexican plantation, called Buena Vista. General Taylor now had not more than seven thousand men, while Santa Anna had from fourteen to twenty-two thousand.

On February 22, Santa Anna sent Taylor a summons to surrender. Taylor replied in a polite note, refusing to do so. Soon after, the Mexicans made an attack but not much fighting occurred during this first day. This was, however, the beginning of the battle of Buena Vista.

On the night of the first day of the battle, General Taylor and Colonel Davis with his regiment of Mississippians went back to Saltillo to protect that place from a large body of cavalry that was threatening it. Having spent the night at Saltillo, they left early the next morning for Buena Vista.

The battle of the second day had already begun when Colonel Davis and his men came within hearing of Buena Vista. They stopped at a large spring by the road and filled their canteens with water. The booming of cannon and the rattle of muskets, rolling and rumbling through the valleys from the distance, made the men eager to get into the battle. As soon as all were ready, they hurried forward.

When Colonel Davis and his Mississippians came up

to where the fighting was going on, they saw a most disgraceful and discouraging sight. Many American soldiers were running away as fast as they could with the Mexicans in hot pursuit. Colonel Davis believed the battle would be lost unless some bold move was made, so he advanced with his command.

He tried to induce the soldiers who were running away to halt and renew the fight, but they would not stop. So he ordered his men to open their ranks to allow the retreating soldiers to pass through to the rear. His soldiers obeyed, and then, while the men who were running away passed between them, eager to reach safety, the voice of Colonel Davis was heard above the clamor and din, coolly calling out to his men, "Steady, Mississippians! Steady, Mississippians! Let those people who are running to the rear pass through, but hold your ground." When all of them had passed to the rear, Colonel Davis gave the short, crisp order, "Forward, Mississippians! Forward to victory!" The men obeyed at once and rushed forward. Instead of frightening them, the sight of soldiers running away had made them bold and more determined to win.

Colonel Davis's soldiers were soon in the thickest of the fighting. In making an advance, they had to cross a deep ravine, their brave commander leading the way. While he was in the bottom of the ravine, he was fired upon by a great number of Mexicans who were on the

COLONEL DAVIS AT BUENA VISTA

bank above him; but he and his horse reached the opposite side in safety, with his men closely following. They were using their new rifles, of which they were so proud, with good effect, and they soon had the Mexicans running away.

Shortly afterwards, they saw approaching a large body of Mexican cavalry, over one thousand strong. The ground was very rough and uneven, and it was a most dangerous place for infantry to be attacked by cavalry. There was a long, deep gully here, and so it appeared best to Colonel Davis to form his men in a V-shape with the point to the rear and the legs toward the enemy. The Mexicans would thus be received between two lines and be fired upon from two main directions. So he formed them in this way and ordered them to stand firm and not to shoot until the lancers should come very near them.

On came the Mexican lancers, at a brave gallop, closely packed and looking extremely warlike in their handsome, gayly colored uniforms and riding their tough, strong horses. But when they had come to within about a hundred yards of the Americans and saw that they were not going to run, they brought their horses to a walk. The Americans at once opened fire on them and poured such a volley of rifle balls among them that they broke and fled.

It is said that the success of Colonel Davis in repel-

ling these lancers won the battle of Buena Vista for the Americans.

He was next ordered to help Bragg's artillery. With his men, he came up just in time to put to flight a large body of the enemy which had come very near to the battery and was about to capture it.

Colonel Davis was now forced to retire from the battlefield. He had been severely injured in the foot near the beginning of the battle, but he had not stopped to have the wound dressed.

General Taylor praised him very highly for his bravery and soldierlike conduct in the battle and said, "Napoleon never had a marshal who behaved more superbly than did Colonel Davis to-day."

Soon after this battle, the time for which Colonel Davis's men had enlisted was out. They wished to return home to their families and friends. So Colonel Davis went with them. He was still on crutches from his wound. A great public reception was given them at New Orleans, and still greater ones at Natchez and Vicksburg.

Colonel Davis received a very friendly letter at New Orleans from President Polk, and with it the offer of a commission as a brigadier general of volunteer forces. He refused it, however, because he thought the President did not have the right to make such appointments. He loved the life of a soldier and would have been glad

to accept the commission if he had thought that it came from the proper source. But he did not believe the power to make this appointment lay with the President, and he had already so expressed himself more than a year before.

CHAPTER X

THE UNITED STATES SENATOR

When Colonel Davis returned from the Mexican War, he went to his plantation and once more busied himself with his own affairs. But it was not long before Mr. Spaight, who was one of the United States senators from Mississippi, died. Mr. Davis was appointed by the governor to complete the term, and the people of the State were much pleased at this.

As a United States senator, he realized the weight of the people's trust and took a deep interest in all matters touching their welfare. He carefully studied all questions which came up for discussion, and frequently spoke on them. His speeches were listened to eagerly, for he usually understood his subject so well that he was able to throw much light upon whatever matter he discussed. The great historian Prescott said that Jefferson Davis was the most accomplished man in the Senate at a time when "it was full of giants."

He was a true orator. It is said that John Quincy Adams, who was himself a great orator, had a habit of going to hear new senators make their first speeches on the floor of the Senate Chamber. If the speech pleased him, he remained, but if it did not, he soon went away. When Senator Davis rose to make his first speech in the Senate, Mr. Adams came in and took a seat near him. As the speaker went on, Mr. Adams became interested and did not leave. At the close of the speech, Mr. Adams went over to some friends and said, "That young man, gentlemen, is no ordinary man. He will make his mark yet, mind me."

Senator Davis was a leader in the Senate. His bearing and character were quiet and dignified. It is said that he had almost the appearance of a senator of old Rome. He did not seek the people's favor, but he did what he believed to be right, even though he knew they might think it wrong. His education at West Point and the reputation which he had won in the army gave great weight to his views on military matters.

He was kind and courteous to all. He knew all the people who worked about the Senate Chamber and was particularly kind to them. He never failed to ask about them and their families.

The legislature of Mississippi elected him to the Senate again in 1851. Then his political party wished him to be a candidate for governor of the State. He be-

lieved it his duty to his party to do so, and he accordingly gave up his seat in the Senate and entered the race for governor. He was defeated, however, by a small majority.

CHAPTER XI

THE SECRETARY OF WAR

In 1852, after about seven years of continual public service, Mr. Davis was again free to retire to his plantation. This he was very glad to do. He was soon busy looking after his servants, building and repairing houses and fences, and growing his crops. But he had not ceased to care for politics. He had taken a lively interest in the presidential canvass of 1852, in which Franklin Pierce was elected.

Mr. Davis was now invited to become Secretary of War in President Pierce's cabinet. At first he declined this high honor, but he accepted an invitation to attend the inaugural ceremonies at Washington, and the President, on meeting him, insisted on his becoming Secretary of War. He at last yielded and accepted.

In this position, it was his duty to look after the organization of the army, the kinds of weapons, the powder and bullets, the rank and promotion of officers, indeed everything pertaining to the army. Because of his

education at West Point, he understood well how these things should be done.

While he was in the Senate, he had urged that a railway be built to connect the valley of the Mississippi with the Pacific coast. As Secretary of War, he was charged with the task of sending men to survey the route for this railway. It was decided that a new Senate Chamber and Hall of Representatives should be added to the Capitol. Secretary of War Davis was given the money and authority to have this work done. He selected Colonel Montgomery Meigs for this task, and it was carried out.

About this time a great war was being waged in Europe by England and France against Russia. It was called the Crimean War, because most of the fighting was on the peninsula of Crimea, which projects into the Black Sea.

Mr. Davis sent Captain George B. McClellan to observe the fighting and to learn all he could about the different modes of conducting this war. Captain McClellan performed his task so well that many improvements in the American army resulted. Secretary Davis caused changes to be made in the model of small arms. Experiments were made which led to the casting of cannon so that they would be hollow without having to be bored. Before this time, they had been cast in a solid piece and then bored hollow. Two

BUST OF JEFFERSON DAVIS

regiments each of cavalry and infantry were added to the regular army.

But perhaps the most interesting experiment was that with camels to be used in the army for carrying mail and military stores in the desert lands of the southwest of our country. Mr. Davis, after finding out all he could about camels, caused thirty-four to be procured in Turkey and Egypt. They were put on shipboard, and each was carefully fastened in a swinging harness to prevent its being hurt by the rolling and plunging of the vessel at sea. They were watched over by Arab attendants who knew how to care for them. After a voyage of three whole months, the camels were at last landed in Texas. Their joy at being once more on land was so great that they at once began to run and plunge and have a good time. The next year, forty-one more were brought over, making seventy-five in all. They were all put on a ranch near San Antonio in Texas. Test trips were made, and their speed and endurance were found satisfactory. They were healthy and were doing well until Mr. Davis went out of office. No one gave any further attention to them, and it is not known what became of them.

It is said that if the Indians of Arizona and New Mexico are asked about the camels, they will tell of the "Red Ghost" that sometimes rushes into their camps at night, frightens the horses away, eats their hay, and

fights like a fiend if attacked. The cowboys of the Southwest will repeat the story of one of their companions who was found dying in a cañon, and who revived just long enough to tell of a great, misshapen, red beast that had turned upon him, and bit and trampled him after he had wounded it. Whether these stories are true is uncertain, but it is just possible that a few of these camels are yet running wild in Arizona.

It was generally agreed that Mr. Davis was a most excellent Secretary of War, being broad-minded and at the same time very practical.

CHAPTER XII

THE SENATOR AGAIN

Mississippi was always ready to honor her distinguished son. So as soon as his period of service as Secretary of War had expired, he again entered the United States Senate, having been elected by the legislature of his State to this high position.

Our country now was being deeply stirred by the discussion of slavery and subjects connected with slavery and States' Rights. A great deal was being said. Even members of the same political parties differed in opinion on these matters. All this filled the country with dread for the future.

No statesman of the times saw the dangers ahead more clearly than did Senator Davis, and none tried more earnestly to avert them. He urged the people of the South to be patient and prudent. But he never failed to stand forth and declare the people's rights. In the Senate, he was often in debate with those who differed from him in politics. On the floor of the Senate, Mr. Davis proved himself a worthy foeman of the famous orator and statesman, Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois.

During a part of this term in the Senate, his health was so bad that he could not always attend its sessions. He was thus kept from speaking as often as he thought it was his duty to speak. In 1858, by the advice of his physician, he made a tour through New England with Mrs. Davis and their children. They spent a considerable time at Portland, Maine.

While in that city, he made several speeches. Of one of them, a Portland paper said, "We regret that our readers can get no idea of the musical voice and inspiring eloquence of the speaker from a report of his remarks." The speech was published, and it is so good, you must read it in full when you are older.

Senator Davis continued his journey, and on his way back to Washington, made speeches in Boston and New York. His views on public matters were well received, and he himself was greatly honored. When he

reached Washington again about the end of the year, his health was much improved and he at once took up his duties in the Senate.

The differences of opinion between the North and the South had now become serious. The Dred Scott decision, John Brown's Raid, and the continued discussions and arguments about these things had, by 1860, brought the whole country to the highest pitch of excitement. Some of the Southern States began to talk of leaving the Union. Several states finally did leave in 1860 and 1861. They united and formed the Confederate States of America, with their capital at Montgomery, Alabama.

Senator Davis's views are clearly shown in his speeches at this time and also in some resolutions which he introduced in the United States Senate in February, 1860. He believed most earnestly in States' Rights. That is, he claimed that at the close of the Revolutionary War, when England recognized the independence of the thirteen colonies, each was a free and independent government of itself, without bond or duty to the others. When the Constitution and the Union of the states came to be formed, there were various interests in the different states, and the interests of one section sometimes conflicted with those of another. In order to form the constitution, agreements had to be reached on these points of conflicting interests.

The question of slavery had been one of these points. Slavery was recognized, and agreements concerning it were reached and written down in the constitution. Thus the constitution was really only a sort of agreement between the different states by which they were to be governed.

Mr. Davis claimed that the states had given to the general government of the United States only a part of their authority and that any meddling of one state with the affairs of another was unconstitutional and not right.

He believed that since the free states had now become unwilling to abide by the Constitution, and as the States had entered the Union of their own free will, any state had the right to leave the Union whenever it felt that it had just cause to do so. Mr. Davis believed that the effort which it was expected would be made to free the slaves of the South was contrary to the Constitution, and that the slave states, therefore, had the right to leave the Union if they chose.

We have already seen how Mr. Davis had shown his belief in States' Rights. Again, on one occasion when Massachusetts had threatened to leave the Union, Senator Davis said, "If Massachusetts should choose to take the last step which separates her from the Union, it is her right to go, and I will vote neither one dollar nor one man to force her back."

Mr. Davis loved the Union and had spent a great part of his youth in its service. He did all in his power to hold the Union together on honorable terms. So unwilling was he to hasten into secession that he was accused in his own state of being too slow in the matter.

But when Abraham Lincoln, with his clearly stated intentions, was elected President, Senator Davis believed that the rights of the southern states were about to be violated and that there was just cause for secession. He thought the separation of the states could no longer be averted with justice to the South, and now he boldly advised it.

As soon as he learned that Mississippi had severed her relation with the Union, he left the United States Senate. This was in January, 1861. Before his departure, he made a farewell address to the Senate, which is said to have moved even his enemies to tears.

CHAPTER XIII

PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES

Mr. Davis reached home to learn that he had been chosen major general and commander in chief of the volunteer forces of his beloved state, Mississippi. He at once accepted, for he wished to serve the South as a soldier rather than as a statesman.

He was very anxious that peace be preserved between the Federal and the Confederate governments, but he feared that it could not. He therefore set actively to work, raising an army and supplying it with arms, food, and ammunition.

While he was engaged in this task, getting ready for whatever might come, a "Provisional Congress" of the Southern States met at Montgomery, Alabama. Among the first acts of this Congress was the election of Jefferson Davis to be President of the Confederacy until the government could be definitely established and a constitution formed.

As has been said, Mr. Davis much preferred to serve the new government as a soldier, but when he knew that the entire people of the Confederacy wished him to be their President, he believed it his duty to give up his choice. This he accordingly did and consented to accept the office.

He went at once to Montgomery and was inaugurated on the 18th of February, 1861. The ceremony of inauguration took place at the State House of Alabama, and was very simple. After taking the oath of office, Mr. Davis delivered an inaugural address, which was a clear statement of his views and an able defense of the Confederate cause. It was listened to with great care by the thousands gathered to witness the launching of the new republic.

President Davis at once chose the members of his cabinet. It was made up of some of the brightest and ablest men of the Confederacy. At his first meeting with his cabinet, he told them he hoped they would be as free and frank with him as he would be with them. He was always ready to confer with his cabinet and was never hasty in making a decision or acting without their advice.

There was a general desire in the South that war between the states should be avoided. As the Confederate Congress had expressed a wish to this effect, on the 25th of February, 1861, President Davis appointed three commissioners to go to Washington to try to arrange some way of preserving peace, but they were not successful in this effort.

In April, 1861, Virginia separated from the Union and cast her lot with the Confederacy. Mr. Davis at once proposed to remove the capital to Richmond. This was agreed upon and Richmond became the capital of the Confederate States.

President Davis with his family went to Richmond the latter part of May. All along his route, he was received with great joy by the people. At every city, town, and village, great demonstrations were made. When he reached Richmond, he saw on all sides preparations for war. The bright, clean uniforms of the thousands of soldiers, their shining arms, the tented

fields about the city, the gold braid and clanking swords of the officers, the crisp word of command, the music of bands, and the singing of patriotic songs, — all the splendor as well as the dread of war was present. The soldiers were being drilled, supplies were being collected, and everything made ready.

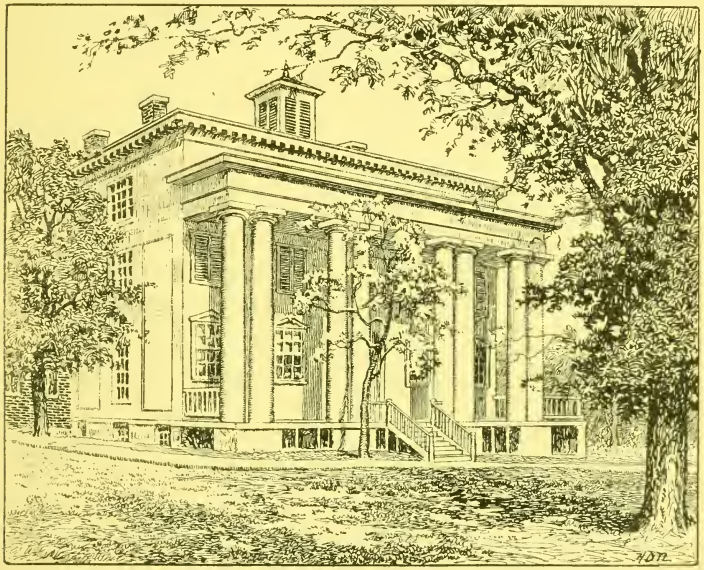
The people of Richmond were very proud to have the President of the Confederacy come to live among them. They at once bought a noble house and gave it to him. He refused to accept it as a gift, but consented to live in it if the city would take rent for it from the Confederate government. He thought it was not right to allow the city to be at the expense of providing this house for him. And thus he refused all gifts of value.

This house has since been made into a sort of museum where each of the Southern States has a room in which it may store relics of the war.

In November, 1861, without any opposition, Mr. Davis was elected President of the "permanent government" of the Confederate States. By the constitution formed, the President was to hold office for six years. Mr. Davis was inaugurated February 22, 1862. The ceremony was again very simple.

Here in Richmond, he spent the four long, dark years of the war. There was little time for social pleasure and entertainment at the "White House of the Confederacy," as Mr. Davis's house was called, for he was

very busy. Usually he worked all day, and left his office about five o'clock in the evening, unless he had pressing business which prevented his leaving at that hour. After he left the office, he would take a ride on



From an Early Print

THE WHITE HOUSE OF THE CONFEDERACY

horseback, usually alone. On one of these rides, he was fired at by some unknown person in hiding, but escaped unhurt.

Another time, he had been alone on horseback to the camps of General Lee, who was then near Richmond with his army, and had stayed later than he intended.

Long before he reached home, darkness came on. He was riding along, his mind busy on his cares and duties, when he heard a cheery young voice call out, "Good evening." He turned and saw approaching him a boy about sixteen or seventeen years of age, with his army rifle and revolver, and wearing the gray jacket of the Confederate soldier.

"Is your name Davis — Jefferson Davis?"

"Yes," replied the President.

"Well, I think I shall guard you till you get back nearer home," said the boy.

Mr. Davis explained that he had nothing to fear as he was inside the Confederate lines.

"It's not right," said the young soldier. "There are bad men in our army as well as in all armies." And so he rode on with the President until they were near Richmond, and then he went back to his command.

Mr. Davis often visited the battlefields about Richmond during the war, and though he was commander in chief of the Confederate armies, he always went without a guard. He had the greatest faith in the love and respect of the entire people.

President Davis did his best to give the Confederacy a good government. He gave personal attention to all its departments. There were those who complained and abused him, but it is now known that he was a zealous, self-sacrificing patriot.

He always felt deeply for the suffering and misery of others. A woman whose husband was sentenced to be shot for some military offense went to the President's house to beg him to pardon her husband. He was very busy, but he listened to her story, and then wrote a pardon for the man. He asked Mrs. Davis to have an

From an Early Print

THE CAPITOL OF THE CONFEDERACY

early dinner prepared for the woman and her two children, to give them a dollar apiece, and send them home.

Perhaps you will be amused by a letter which a young woman wrote the President, but her manner of spelling should not be copied. She wrote,

"Dear Mr. President: I want you to let Jeems C. of company oneth, 5th South Carolina Regiment, come home and get married. Jeems is willin, I is willin, his mammy says she is willin, but Jeem's captin, he aint willin. Now when we are all willin ceptin Jeems's captin, I think you might let up and let Jeems come. I'll make him go straight back when he's done got married and fight just as hard as ever.

Your affectionate friend etc."

Mr. Davis wrote on the back of the letter, "Let Jeems go," and sent it to Jeems's captain. So we may imagine that Jeems went and that he was soon married.

CHAPTER XIV

THE CLOSE OF THE CIVIL WAR

At last the men and resources of the South began to fail. After the battle of Gettysburg, the Confederacy was never able to replace the thousands of men slain in that great struggle.

On April 2, 1865, General Robert E. Lee was forced to give up Richmond, which he held so long against a vast force of Union troops. President Davis learned this fact at church on Sunday morning. He quietly left the church, went home, and at once called the members of his cabinet together. After a talk with them,

it was decided that he and they must leave the city. They hastily collected the records and such property of the government as could be carried and left Richmond. Of the money belonging to the government, he distributed to soldiers what he could and the remainder he placed in trust to be given to Confederate soldiers later.

The cabinet went to Danville, Virginia, where Mr. Davis expected to meet General Lee and his army. But he was disappointed in this hope. However, he issued a proclamation to the people of the Confederacy, which has become famous as showing his bold and determined spirit. After speaking of the misfortune of the Confederate States and their chances for recovery, he closed the proclamation with these words, "Let us then, not despond, my countrymen, but relying on God, meet the foe with fresh defiance, and with unconquered and unconquerable hearts."

While in Danville, Mr. Davis stayed at the home of Major W. T. Sutherlin. When he was ready to leave, Mrs. Sutherlin asked him if he had any money. Mr. Davis replied that he had none. She knew he would need it, so she offered him a bag containing a thousand dollars in gold. "No," said he, "I cannot take your money. You and your husband are young and will need it, while I am an old man and I suppose I shall not need anything very long."

General Lee surrendered to General Grant on the

9th of April, 1865. The President was asked if he did not think this would end the war. "By no means," said he, "we'll fight it out to the Mississippi River."

President Davis was very much grieved because General Lee had been compelled to surrender, but he knew that it could not be helped. He still hoped that with General Joseph E. Johnston's army, he might yet win the cause of the Confederacy.

He therefore left Danville and, with his cabinet, went to Greensboro, North Carolina. Here he sent for General Johnston and General Beauregard to meet with himself and his cabinet. He wished to learn their views relative to further resistance. Both generals advised him that it would be best for General Johnston to surrender and make an effort to obtain favorable terms for the Confederacy. This course of action was agreed upon. Soon afterward, General Johnston surrendered all the troops east of the Mississippi River to General Sherman. But the terms which were made between Johnston and Sherman were not agreed to by the authorities at Washington.

Mr. Davis now decided to go toward the south and to cross the Mississippi River. He went from Greensboro to Washington, Georgia, where he was met by Mrs. Davis and their children. They stayed while here with the family of Dr. J. J. Robertson. In his house, the last cabinet meeting of the Confederacy was held.

Mr. Davis, his wife, and their four children, with two or three servants, left Washington after a few days and traveled south through Georgia. They were accompanied by Mr. Reagan of Texas, Captain Moody of Mississippi, Governor Lubbock of Texas, Colonels Harrison and Johnston of his staff, and a few scouts and soldiers.

By the evening of May 9, they had reached the vicinity of Irwinville in Irwin County, Georgia. The party camped for the night about two miles from Irwinville. They were all very tired, and all slept soundly except the pickets they had posted. Just at dawn, a party of Union soldiers attacked the camp and captured Mr. Davis and all those with him. Mr. Davis was carried to Macon.

From this place he was taken to Fortress Monroe, which is on the coast of Virginia, near the mouth of the James River. Here he was closely confined and always guarded by soldiers placed in the room where he was.

For a long time, he had suffered with a weak eye, and now he almost lost the use of it. But when he could, he read. He took this opportunity to read Bancroft's "History of the United States" and Macaulay's "History of England." He also spent a good deal of his time discussing various subjects with his physician, Dr. Craven.

At last he was allowed to walk about the fortress, always closely guarded. He was glad of this, for he

needed the fresh, open air, but so many people came, through curiosity, to look at him that he was much annoyed, and he was tempted to give up his walks. Mrs. Davis was permitted, after a time, to come and live in the fort to minister to his wants and be near him.

He was very anxious to have a trial so that he might explain and justify his course of action. He had been accused of many things in which he had no part. A trial was finally granted him, but he was not tried. Mr. Davis always regretted this because he thought that he could have cleared his name of all the blame which had been placed upon it. He was bailed by the United States Court at Richmond, Virginia, in May, 1867, after about two years spent in imprisonment. His bond, which was signed by Horace Greeley and several other men from the North, was placed at one hundred thousand dollars. There was great rejoicing throughout the South when he was released.

CHAPTER XV

BEAUVOIR

As soon as Mr. Davis was free, he with Mrs. Davis and the small children went to his older children and their grandmother in Canada. After living there for about a year, he went to Europe and spent a year in travel and sightseeing.

While he was in France, Emperor Louis Napoleon sent him a message, saying that if Mr. Davis desired an audience with him, one would be granted gladly. Mr. Davis promptly replied that he did not desire it. He refused the audience because, during the war, when the Confederacy had needed war vessels, Napoleon had agreed to allow them to be built in France, and after the vessels were finished, he had refused to allow them to leave French ports.

He returned to America to become president of a life insurance company in Memphis, Tennessee, where he lived for some years.

Mr. Davis wished to write a history of the Confederacy and for this purpose chose a quiet place on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico. This place was Beauvoir, a lovely country home near Biloxi, Mississippi, fanned by the gentle breeze from the gulf and soothed by the never-ending break and splash of the surf.

The house, yet standing, is set in the center of a great, brown, sandy yard, facing the sea. About it are hundreds of magnolia, cedar, and oak trees, hung with Spanish moss. It is a big, white house with green shutters. There are cool deep galleries across the front and back, with a wide hall through the center. There is a wing on one side, and behind this, a kitchen covered with climbing rose vines. On both sides of the big house are little separate cottages. In one of these,

secure from interruption, Mr. Davis wrote his history, the "Rise and Fall of the Confederate States."

One who visited Beauvoir while Mr. Davis was yet living thus described the home: "Beauvoir house is one of those fine old houses set out with quaint olden-timed furniture, rich in pictures and books and treasures that have been gathered from all parts of the world; a home that has grown mellow and beautiful with time, and which neither money nor desire can obtain. Old-fashioned lounges and round divans, and big rocking-chairs, and old cabinets fill the wide hall. A grandfather clock stands like a carved oak coffin on end, and the brass face looks out through the glass case upon a life with which it has nothing more to do. There are pictures on the tables and walls, and books and papers everywhere. A Turkish curtain as well as folding doors separates the front parlor from the back. The last is lined from the floor almost to the ceiling with book shelves, and the books overflow into every room in the house. Rare paintings and portraits cover the walls and door frames."

Here in this home Mr. Davis, his wife, and Miss Winnie Davis, his youngest child, lived happy and peaceful lives. They read a great deal, entertained their many visitors and friends, and did all the good they could.

Miss Winnie was born in Richmond during the war.

For this reason, she came to be called the "Daughter of the Confederacy." She was a great favorite with her father. She read for him and even studied military history and army tactics in order to be able better to interest and help him.

Mr. Davis was a very learned man. He read and studied a great deal these latter years of his life in the quiet and retirement of Beauvoir. On one of his visits to Scotland, he astonished the natives by his exact knowledge of their history. It was said that if the works of Burns and Scott were destroyed, they could be reproduced by Mr. Davis.

He left his home several times to make visits through the South. He was always received with respect and joy by the people. On different occasions, he made addresses always full of wisdom and free from bitterness.

His health was poor for a number of years. But through the careful nursing of Mrs. Davis, the skill of his physician, and his own prudence, he lived past his eighty-first year.

In the autumn of 1889, business carried him to his Brierfield plantation. He felt so well when starting that he insisted that it was unnecessary for any one to go with him. While at the plantation, he became very ill and went back to New Orleans through bad weather. Here Mrs. Davis met him and took him at once to the

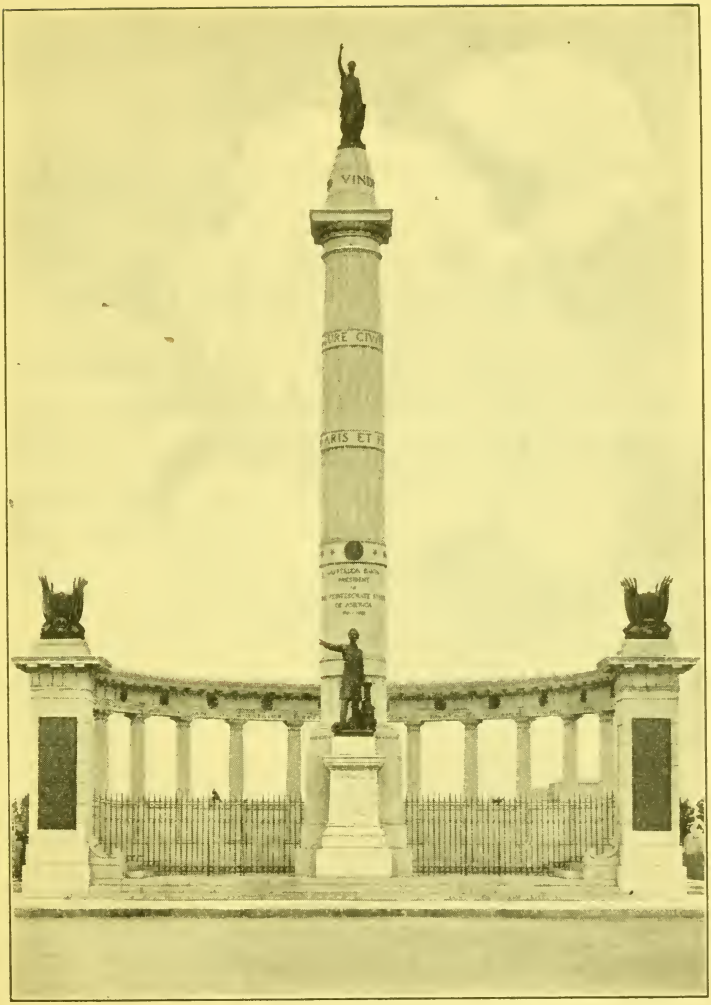
home of Judge Charles E. Fenner in New Orleans. Every attention was given him. Friends sent flowers and delicacies until Mrs. Davis was forced to decline them.

He grew worse in spite of all that could be done. Just before the end came, Mrs. Davis carried some medicine for him to take. He feebly motioned it away, saying gently, "Pray excuse me." Even in his last moments he did not forget the quiet courtesy which had always marked him as the gentleman.

He died very quietly, early in the morning of the 6th of December, 1889. None of his family survived him except his wife and two daughters.

The entire South mourned him and at once united to do him honor. Numerous telegrams came to the widow, expressing grief and sympathy. Among these was one sent by his former slaves. One old servant who was living in Florida learned of Mr. Davis's illness through the newspapers. At once he set out to see his old master, but he arrived too late to see him alive. He begged to be allowed to look upon his face. Every one save members of the family had been denied entrance to the death chamber, but old Miles Cooper was allowed to enter. When he was left alone with the "Mars Jeff" of his youth, his sobs and heartbroken grief were most pitiful.

His old and lifelong friend, General George Wallace



THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT IN RICHMOND

Jones, was present, having come all the way from Dubuque, Iowa. Many distinguished Southerners came to be at the funeral.

The body was removed from the home of Judge Fenner and placed in the City Hall of New Orleans. This was draped in mourning, decorations of flowers were everywhere, small arms were stacked and cannon placed about, and soldiers were on guard. All spoke of grief, and the respect in which he was held by the people.

Here the body lay in state until December 12. Thousands passed in silent procession to look for the last time on the features of the great old man. Many colored people were in the line. One of them, William Samford, said, "I loved him and can say that every colored man whom he ever owned loved him. He was a good, kind master."

On the 12th, the body was interred with imposing ceremonies in Metaire cemetery, New Orleans. Several governors of states and generals were present, together with many other distinguished persons.

In May, 1893, the remains were taken to Richmond, Virginia, and placed to rest in Hollywood cemetery. Everywhere along the route to Richmond, large crowds gathered to honor his memory. In Richmond a great procession of citizens and old soldiers escorted his dust to its final resting place.

Most of the Southern States have made his birthday

a legal holiday, and some states have erected monuments to him. The last act of the legislature of Alabama before adjourning in the summer of 1907 was to vote money to erect a monument to his memory.

On June 4, 1907, all places of business in the South were closed and trains stood still for five minutes, while a beautiful and stately monument to him was unveiled in Richmond. It was erected through the efforts of the ladies of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, the result of eighteen years of earnest work in collecting funds for the purpose. It was unveiled by a daughter of Mr. Davis, Mrs. Hayes of Colorado Springs, Colorado. She was assisted by her two young sons, the grandsons of Jefferson Davis. The scene was a most impressive one. The ceremonies were attended by thousands of the citizens of the South and the old Confederate soldiers, who were at the time gathered in Richmond for their annual reunion.

ROBERT E. LEE

ROBERT E. LEE

ROBERT E. LEE

CHAPTER I

THE LEE FAMILY

In the eastern part of England is the county of Essex. Here, on its grassy slopes and among its great oaks, lived the Lees. The first of the name to live in Essex was Launcelot Lee. His home had been Loudon in France. But when William the Norman laid claim to the throne of England and prepared to invade and conquer the island, Launcelot left his home and followed the great duke.

At the battle of Hastings in 1066, all day long with the other Normans, he had charged time and again up the hill on which the English had massed themselves. With their heavy battle-axes and broad two-edged swords, the English hewed and thrust stoutly to keep the Normans from their hearths and homes. But when night came, the English army was broken and driven from the field. William had become "the Conqueror," and he was soon made king of England. He took the lands and castles of the English and gave them to

his bold Normans. To Launcelot Lee was given an estate in Essex. On it he and his sons and his sons' sons lived for centuries. They were strong and brave in battle and loved to fight for the king in his wars.

The family was a most worthy one, and some of its members were powerful. When Richard the Lion-Hearted went on a crusade to take the Holy Land from the Turks, Lionel Lee raised a company and went with him. At the siege of Acre, Lionel Lee fought with such energy and courage that Richard made him an earl. Another Lee who was great and honored in England was named Richard. In the sixteenth century, with the Earl of Surrey, he marched across the border to help fight the Scots. And thus there was nearly always a Lee who was doing something to make the name a known and honored one.

In 1607, England sent some of its people to make settlements in Virginia. Many wonderful stories were told of what a fine country Virginia was. People all over England talked of the riches to be won there, and a great many of them left their homes and came to live in the new country.

One of the Lees of that time was another Richard. As he wished to better his fortune, he made up his mind that he too would move to Virginia. And so with some of his friends and servants he came to the New World. Land was to be had almost free in Virginia. Richard

Lee soon owned large tracts of it. He at once began building on these lands and improving them, and it was not long before he became rich. He was a stout, well-built man, with "sound sense and a kind heart," and it is said Robert E. Lee was much like him. This Richard Lee was the great-great-grandfather of Robert E. Lee.

The family became powerful in America as it had become powerful in England. Among the many Lees you will hear of, there was the Lee who moved the Declaration of Independence in the American Congress, and no less than two Lees signed their names to that great paper.

In the time of the American Revolution there was a Lee whose name was Henry. He was the bold, dashing leader of a legion of cavalry. Because he and his men could move so quietly and rapidly from place to place, he was called "Light Horse Harry." In rank he was a colonel, and he did much in keeping the British in check. Congress gave him a fine gold medal for taking a fort called Paulus Hook. He was greatly loved by General Nathanael Greene, who, in a letter to him, said, "I believe few officers, in Europe or America, are held in so high esteem as yourself. . . . I have the highest opinion of you as an officer, and you know I love you as a friend."

After the Revolution ended, Colonel Henry Lee was

sent to the United States Congress. When Washington died, Colonel Lee made a great speech, in which he said that Washington was "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

But better than all his greatness and honor, Colonel

STRATFORD HOUSE

Lee loved his home which was called Stratford House. It was first built by that Richard Lee, who came to Virginia. Later, in the time of Thomas Lee, the house was burned. Then people almost everywhere gave money to Thomas Lee to help rebuild his home. The governor of Virginia and even Queen Anne herself helped. When all was ready, work was begun and a grand mansion was

built. In shape it was like the letter H, and on top were little summer houses where bands of music often played. This house was meant to be a home for the Lees for ages.

It was set on the south bank of the Potomac. Far up and down the river, the boats could be seen as they came and went. The grounds were covered with fresh green grass, and large old oaks, cedars, and maples grew about the place. This home was always a gay and happy one. Some one in each generation was famous, and this caused the best company to visit Stratford House. When young people came, there was always fun and music, and every one was happy. Such was the home that Light Horse Harry, the father of Robert E. Lee, loved so well.

He was a farmer and loved his farm. He liked to look after his horses and stock; he liked to ride over his broad plantation and see the beautiful green crops growing; he liked to hunt and hear his hounds in full cry as they followed the fox through the valleys and over the hills. He was always glad to have company and the best of everything at Stratford House was free to all visitors. In short he was what has always been called a "Virginia gentleman." His own life would have fixed the name of Lee in history forever, but his son, Robert Edward, added to it a glory that can never die.

CHAPTER II

BIRTH AND BOYHOOD

Robert Edward Lee, "Light Horse Harry's" youngest son, was born at Stratford House on the 19th of January, 1807. Of him as a very small boy we know almost nothing, but doubtless he cried when he felt like it, was fond of pies and cakes, and lost his father's pocket knives as most little boys do.

At any rate when Robert was about four years old, Colonel Lee moved his family away from Stratford House. They were all sad to leave the dear old home, but they were going to Alexandria where there were good schools. Through misfortune, Colonel Lee had lost most of the family wealth and now he was eager to give his children the help of all the education he could. So Robert with the other children was soon sent to school at Alexandria Academy. It is said that he learned fast and gave his teachers no trouble.

With his mother and some of the other children, Robert often went to spend a few days at Stratford House. They also sometimes visited his mother's old home, "Shirley." This was a grand house on a large plantation, belonging to his grandfather Carter.

These visits were always filled with pleasure. In the daytime, with gun and dogs, he would hunt rabbits,

squirrels, and deer. Sometimes he would go to the swamp to shoot ducks or wild geese. Then there were rowing and fishing and horseback riding. The last he probably liked best of all. At night he often went with others to hunt the fox. Sometimes he rode, but at other times he walked. A fox is not easily and quickly caught. The hounds often fail to catch him after running him a night and a day. We are told that Robert would follow the hounds on foot all day. This was great sport and fine exercise for him, and he became robust and strong. When he was a man, he liked to tell of these sports of his youth, because they had done so much in making him the hardy, enduring soldier that he was. In this way and in going to school, most of his early boyhood was passed.

When Robert was about six years old, something happened that grieved him very much. His father's health became so bad that he had to leave Robert and the rest of the family and go away for a change. A short time before this, Colonel Lee had been at the house of a friend in Baltimore. This friend was an editor, who had printed an article in his paper that some of the people did not like. For this reason a great many men gathered at his home to punish him. A quarrel resulted, and Colonel Lee was severely hurt. He was ill a long time, and it seemed that he could not get any better. At last his doctor told him he must go

away where it was less cold, and so he went to the warm, sunny West Indies. He wrote kind, good letters home. In one of these he wished to know if his sons rode and shot well, and he said that a Virginian's sons should be taught to ride, to shoot, and to tell the truth.

But the brave old Light Horse Harry did not get any better. He grew worse and after staying in these islands for five years, he decided that he could not get well and that he would go back home. He went on board a ship and started, but he had grown so ill by the time the vessel was near Cumberland Island, off the coast of Georgia, that he was put ashore. He went to "Dungeness," the home of his old friend, General Greene. Here, although he was well cared for, he died two months after he landed. His body was buried amid the beautiful trees and flowers of Cumberland Island, and has never been removed to Virginia.

At the time Colonel Henry Lee died, Robert was about eleven years old. He was now left head of the family, for the older brothers and sisters were all away. In the meantime, his mother's health had failed and she could not even walk. But she was gentle and tender and she loved Robert very much. His father had once written home, "Robert was always good." This proved true now, for, to relieve his mother, he took charge of the house and the outdoor work as well. He bought the home supplies and saw that the horses were cared for.

Besides his other work and his school duties, he was the nurse for his mother. He watched over her constantly. Each day as soon as school was out, the other boys might play, but Robert would leave them and hurry home to his mother. How strong and cheerful he was! And how glad she was to see him! Then he would hitch the carriage and take her out for a ride in the fresh air. As they rode, he would try in every way he could to make her enjoy herself. He would tell her stories and try to make her laugh and forget that she was ill. He would tell her the ride would do her no good unless she were cheerful. Sometimes the wind blew cold and then it was not comfortable in the carriage, for it was an old one. So he would pack paper in the cracks and thus keep out the cold.

When not in school, he stayed with her nearly all the time. If he left her room, even for a moment, she scarcely took her eyes from the door till he came back. He mixed and gave all her medicines, and was so good to her that she once said, "How can I spare Robert! he is both a son and a daughter to me."

The old home in Alexandria where his mother lived was always very dear to him. Later in life when he had become great and famous, a friend once saw him looking over into the old garden. "I am looking to see if the old snowball trees are still here," he said. "I should be very sorry to miss them."

CHAPTER III

THE CADET

At last the time came for Robert to decide what he was going to do in life. A great many of the Lees had been soldiers, and we have already seen what a good one his own father had been. Robert therefore made up his mind that he too would be a soldier, and would go to the Military Academy at West Point.

But now that he had made his plans, he found that he did not know enough mathematics to enter West Point. So he went to school to a Mr. Benjamin Hallowell, who was an excellent teacher and who soon taught Robert the mathematics he needed. Mr. Hallowell said of Robert that he was always ready with his lessons and that he never failed in a single recitation. He said that Robert liked to put a finish and neatness on his work as he went. In his study of mathematics, Robert had to draw diagrams on a slate. He drew them almost as neat and exact as those in the book, lettering and all.

Robert kept at his work and was soon ready for West Point, which he entered in 1825, when he was about eighteen years old. He gave close and careful attention to his lessons. His gun and brasses were always bright and his uniform neat and clean. He neglected none of his duties, and he did not have a single demerit against

him during the entire four years' course. As the rules of the Academy are very strict, it is rare for any cadet to go through without a demerit. He neither smoked, drank, nor swore, but he was gay and full of fun. It was said that "he was a perfect gentleman."

Every summer when the cadets were dismissed from the Academy for vacation, Robert would at once go home to his mother. He was growing large and strong, and he was tall and very straight. His mother was always glad to see him, and she was very proud of her handsome son. He would stay with her and care for her until time came to go back to West Point. Then he was soon busy at his studies again.

In 1829 when he was twenty-two years of age, he graduated. He was second in his class, and in rank had risen to be adjutant of the battalion.

Now that he had completed his course, he again went home. His mother had grown very ill and weak. He stayed near her all the time. He would not leave her to be cared for by any one else. All that he could, he did for her, but his care could not save her life. He was at her side to the last. She left him about two months after he reached home from West Point.

Soon afterwards, Uncle Nat, the old family coachman, became very ill. Robert at once took the aged negro and carried him to the South. He nursed the faithful slave with great care and did all he could to get him well

again. But it was all in vain, and it was not long before good old Uncle Nat was buried and Robert went back home. Robert stayed at home for a time to rest and to settle up his mother's business affairs.

CHAPTER IV

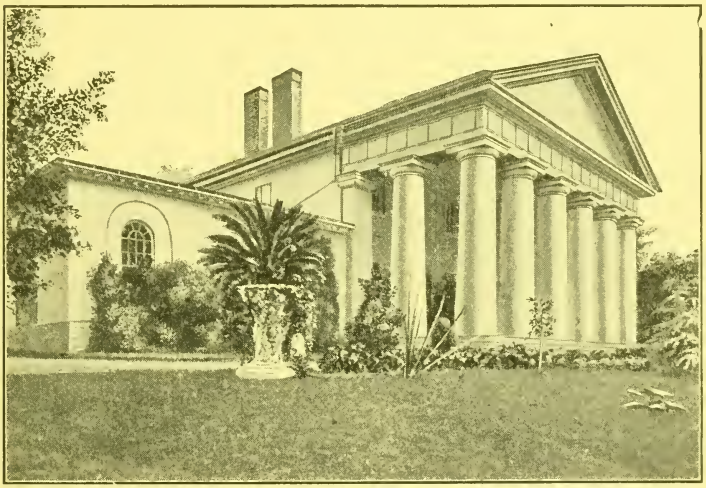
THE ENGINEER

During the year in which he graduated, Robert entered the United States Corps of Engineers. It is a sort of reward to be a member of this Corps, because it is made up of the first-honor men of each class that graduates from West Point. Their lives, however, are not all play, but for the most part, the young engineers are kept quite busy. In times of peace, it is their duty to care for the forts built as coast or inland defenses or to improve them or even to erect new ones. Members of the Corps are sometimes sent to survey the boundary lines between states. At other times they superintend the work of clearing the rocks, logs, and other débris from the large rivers so that vessels may pass up and down them.

When Robert became a member of the Corps, he was made a brevet lieutenant. He was first sent to the coast of Virginia, where he was busied in building and repairing Fortress Monroe. He did not dream that it would

be his task in future years to try to tear down his work here in a great Civil War.

In June, 1831, Lieutenant Lee married Mary Custis. She was the daughter of George Washington Parke Custis, who was the adopted son of General George Washington. The home of Mr. Custis was called



ARLINGTON

Arlington. It was a grand place on the Virginia bank of the Potomac, not far from Washington City. Two years after his marriage, Lieutenant Lee was put on duty at Washington. He was glad of this, for now he could be near his wife at Arlington. In 1835, he ran the boundary line that separates Ohio and Michigan. The next year he was made a first lieutenant.

In 1837, he did a really wonderful thing. At St. Louis, in Missouri, the current of the Mississippi River is wide and strong. During the year it had broken out of its bed and was spreading its waters over the country, doing a great deal of damage to crops and homes.

The people of St. Louis set aside a large sum of money to pay for getting the river turned back into its old bed. But it was not enough, and besides, no one had been found that could do the work. So they asked the United States government to help them. General Winfield Scott, who was the commander in chief of the American army, sent Lieutenant Lee to control the mad waters of the great river. General Scott wrote to the St. Louis people and said, "He is young, but if the work can be done, he can do it." So Lieutenant Lee went to St. Louis. He began to examine the river, its banks, and the country round about. As he wished to perform his task well, he would not begin in a hurry before he knew what would be the best way. He was spending some of his time in finding out how the river could be turned and in making his plans.

In the meantime the river was spreading its waters wider and wider, and certain ruin seemed to be at hand for the city and country about. Naturally the people were eager for the work to begin at once. They complained and tried to hurry Lieutenant Lee, but they could not, for his plans were not ready. Then they told

him they would withdraw the money they had set apart for the work. They did not know what a great, strong dike he was getting ready to build. Lee did not complain at their threat, but simply said, "They can do as they like with their own money, but I was sent here to do certain work and I shall do it." And he kept right on as he had begun.

Some of the people at last became very angry with him and wanted to drive him away. It is said they even placed cannon to fire on Lee and his men. But he calmly kept on with his own plans until he had begun and finished the dikes that forced the river back into its old bed. These dikes are still there in use, showing how well the young engineer performed his task.

Then, for a time, he was at work on the coast defenses of New York Bay. He was stationed at Fort Hamilton, not far from New York City. While here, Lee was one day on a boat that was crossing the harbor. He saw a small dog struggling in the water. She was about to be drowned by the waves from the boat and was whining piteously. Lee's heart was too tender to let her drown, so he got her out of the water and carried her home with him. His children were delighted to have so nice a dog. They gladly welcomed her and soon made her a great pet. They named her Dart. She and the cat ate from the same plate, but not at the same time, for Dart had to wait till the cat finished. If Dart dared

to take a bite while the cat was eating, her face was likely to feel the scratch of sharp claws. But Dart was loved and happy, and stayed with the family the rest of her life.

Lee's work and duty were faithfully performed, and his superiors knew how worthy he was. In 1838, he was made a captain. Then six years later, in 1844, he was put on the Board of Visitors to the Academy at West Point. It is the duty of this Board to visit the Academy and to examine the teaching and training there and also to see that these things are done as they should be. The next year he was made a member of the Board of Engineers of the United States. And thus you see he was rising steadily to higher rank and to positions of greater trust and power.

CHAPTER V

THE CAPTAIN OF ENGINEERS

When the Mexican War began, Captain Lee was sent as chief engineer with the army of General Wool, which was to enter Mexico from the north. One day news was brought to General Wool that Santa Anna with an army had crossed a mountain and had pitched camp not more than twenty miles away. It was thought that Santa Anna was going to attack Wool's army.

Captain Lee said he would go and find out if the report were true and try to learn where Santa Anna really was. So he set out. General Wool sent some men on horses to meet him at a certain place and go with him. But when Captain Lee reached the place of meeting, the guard of cavalry had not come up. As time was valuable, Lee made up his mind not to wait for his escort. With a single Mexican for guide, Captain Lee went on. The Mexican did not like to show Lee the way, but Lee drew his pistol, and the Mexican was afraid to lead him in a wrong direction.

So on they went. After a long ride, they came into a road. Here they saw a great many mule and wagon tracks, leading toward where it was said Santa Anna was encamped. Lee followed these tracks for miles. At last night began to come on. Then in the dusk and distance, he saw what looked like camp fires and tents. But he was not sure they were fires and tents. In order to be certain, he went on up, nearer and nearer. Finally, when he was very close, he saw that the tents were not tents at all, but a large drove of sheep feeding on the mountain side. The fires were not the camp fires of Santa Anna, but those of some Mexicans who had in charge great numbers of wagons, mules, cattle, and sheep. It was amusing to Lee that he had come so near to being mistaken.

He now went on up to the Mexicans and learned from

them that Santa Anna had not crossed the mountains. Captain Lee rode back to General Wool and told him what he had found out. He had now already ridden more than forty miles, but as General Wool was still eager to know where the Mexican army was, Lee again set out to find it. This time he rode clear over the mountains, and having found out exactly where the army was, he carried the information back to his commander.

Later the army of General Wool was joined to that of General Taylor. When a part of Taylor's soldiers were sent to General Scott, Lee was among them, and thus he came under the command of Scott.

As a captain of engineers, Lee's duties were quite difficult and dangerous. He had to examine carefully the ground on which the battles were to be fought, and he had to choose positions where the big guns could be placed to do the enemy the greatest damage. It was his duty to obtain all the information he could that would be useful for the guidance of the commander in advancing or retreating, and also to make maps of the country through which the army might pass. He planned and overlooked the building of bridges to be used by the troops. And then he must lead the way for the army on the routes previously searched out and prepared. This is very important work when an army is on the march. Lee was thought by all to be very superior at it.

His first task after he joined General Scott's army, was to help take Vera Cruz. This Mexican city was on the seacoast, and it had high, thick walls around it. Captain Lee's work here was to place the cannon and build the forts. In order to place the big guns best, he had to hunt for high places from which a clear and open shot at the walls and city could be had.

Once, while looking for a good place in which to station a gun, he went too far from his own men. Suddenly he found himself right in among the Mexican soldiers. He hardly knew what to do. But as none of them had yet seen him, he quickly looked about for some hiding place. He saw a large fallen tree near by, and quietly hid himself behind it and lay very still.

There was a spring not far away to which the Mexicans came to get water. While Lee was lying behind the tree, the Mexicans were passing to and from the spring. Some of them stopped and even sat on the log to rest and talk. At last they left, but he did not stir. He waited till it was dark. Then he came from behind the tree and went back to his friends as quietly and as quickly as he could.

He now worked day and night at planting the guns and building the forts. When all was ready, the fighting began. Captain Lee himself took part in it. One of his brothers, Lieutenant Sydney Smith Lee, served one of the big guns. Robert watched after his brother

always. He feared Sydney would be killed. Robert wrote home that his eyes turned to his brother, no matter where he himself had to be. He said he remained with Sydney when his own duties did not require him elsewhere. Captain Lee said his brother's good nature did not forsake him in the battle, for he could see his white teeth every time the smoke cleared. This shows something of how the Lees loved and admired each other. Neither of them was hurt in the fighting around Vera Cruz.

Captain Lee had placed the guns where they did a great deal of harm to the city and brought terror and death to the people. He knew he was doing his duty, yet his tender heart caused him to suffer much. In a letter that he wrote, he said that the shells from the American guns were very beautiful while flying through the air, but that they were very destructive when they fell. "It was awful," he said, "my heart bled for the inhabitants — and it was terrible to think of the women and children." The fighting was over in about a week, and Vera Cruz had fallen into the hands of the Americans.

General Scott's plan now was to march his army to the city of Mexico, because it was thought if the capital could be taken, the country would be conquered. When the army had marched about fifteen miles, they neared a difficult pass in the mountains, called Cerro Gordo. As

Santa Anna thought at this pass would be a good place to check the advance of the Americans, he had taken his position in it. His army was protected by deep ravines and by steep, high cliffs. On a rocky height far above his army, he had placed cannons to fire down on the Americans as they came up the one open way. It seemed almost impossible to get at Santa Anna's army to make an attack, and if this could be done, the American advance would be checked as the Mexican commander had planned. On one side the cliffs were so steep and dangerous that Santa Anna said he thought not even a goat could climb them. He felt perfectly safe and was sure that General Scott could go no farther.

But as Santa Anna was so sure that this steep side could not be climbed, he did not place any soldiers to guard it. So when Lee and some other engineers were sent to find a route by which the Mexican army could be attacked, they decided that this would be the best place. Lee set some men to work, and they made a road to it during the night. The next day there suddenly appeared, right before the Mexicans, a large part of the American army, at the very place where Santa Anna least expected them. The fighting began, but it did not last long, for Lee had planned everything so well that it was easy to drive the Mexicans from the pass. This victory was won April 18, 1847. Soon after it, General Scott wrote to the War Department

CAPTAIN LEE AND THE DRUMMER BOY

that he felt it his duty to make "special mention of R. E. Lee, engineer." For his conduct in the battle, Lee was made a brevet major.

While this battle was being fought, Captain Lee heard a little girl crying. He went to see about it and found her standing near the side of a hut. On the ground lay a little Mexican drummer boy, who had been wounded in his arm. He had fallen, and on him lay a big Mexican soldier, who had been shot. The boy could not get up, so Lee had the big soldier thrown off and the boy put in a safe place. The little dark-skinned, black-eyed, black-haired sister did her best to thank Lee for saving her brother.

Captain Lee loved children, and amid all his marching, planning, and fighting, he could not forget his own children, but he found time to write them long letters. After the battle of Cerro Gordo, he wrote his son Custis, "I thought of you, my dear Custis, on the 18th in the battle and wondered when the musket balls and grape were whistling over my head in a perfect shower where I could put you, if with me, to be safe. I was truly thankful that you were at school, I hope learning to be wise and good. You have no idea what a horrible sight a battlefield is."

The Christmas before this, as Captain Lee could not go home, he wrote a long letter to his children. "I hope," he wrote, "that good Santa Claus will fill my

Rob's stocking to-night; that Mildred's, Agnes's, and Anna's may break down with good things. I do not know what he may have for you, Custis and Mary, but if he leaves you one half of what I wish, you will want for nothing." Some of the officers had their wives and children along with them in Mexico. Since he could not be with his own, Captain Lee played Santa Claus for these officers' children, and made them very happy.

After the battle of Cerro Gordo, General Scott's army marched on for days and days, over hills and mountains, toward Mexico. This city was protected by strong forts and castles round about it, which would have to be stormed before it could be taken. The American army was approaching the city by a road leading to it from the south. On this road, about six miles from the capital, was a Mexican farm called the Hacienda of San Antonio. Here the Mexicans had placed a large force of soldiers and had planted some cannons in commanding positions. On the right of the road was Lake Chalko, and on the left was what was called the Pedrigal. This Pedrigal had once in ages long past been a boiling sea of molten lava from a volcano. Now, as it by degrees cooled, it split and cracked and broke into all sorts of rough, uneven, jagged ridges and deep chasms. It was a very dangerous place and could hardly be crossed at all. So you see that it seemed for a second time that the Americans were checked.

When General Scott's army came up, the Mexican force at the farm was too large to be driven away, and the only chance for the Americans to proceed seemed to be in finding a way around. Now, far over beyond the Pedrigal was another road leading from the southwest to the city. General Scott sent Lee and other engineers to find a way across the Pedrigal. The others, finding it so hard and dangerous a task, soon gave up and went back to camp, but Captain Lee kept searching until he found a narrow path, which was barely wide enough for a single mule to pass.

The Americans began work and broke this path out wide enough so the men could pass and so cannon and wagons could be carried across. When all was ready, Captain Lee led a part of the American army across the Pedrigal. At last, after hard work, they came out on the great highway to the city from the southwest. Here was a little town and, on a high rock, was a fortress called Contreras. It was held by Mexican troops.

There were not enough Americans in the division that had crossed the Pedrigal to take Contreras. A message had to be carried to General Scott at the Hacienda of San Antonio. It was five miles back, and all knew there were Mexicans in hiding, everywhere. Besides, the night was very dark and a storm was raging.

Captain Lee was again the man who could. He set out and made the trip safely, despite the darkness, the

storm, and the Mexicans who would have been glad to capture him. General Scott said that this was the greatest, boldest feat of any one man during the whole campaign. Lee, having returned to Contreras, led the attack, which was successful. Then another fortress called Cherubusco was stormed by the Americans. For bravery in this battle, Lee was brevetted lieutenant colonel.

The last of the forts that stood between the Americans and the city of Mexico was Chapultepec. Captain Lee was again put to work to place the batteries of big guns. He was busy day and night until all was ready. Then the batteries boomed away at Chapultepec, day after day. The Mexicans were firing at the Americans too. In this engagement Lee was wounded. He had already lost two whole nights of sleep, so he was very weak and weary, but he did not give up till he fainted. His wound was not a serious one and he was soon well.

General Scott again praised Lee for his energy and courage, and afterwards declared that his own success in Mexico was largely due to the "skill, valor, and undaunted energy of Robert E. Lee." Lee was now made a colonel.

At last the capital of Mexico was taken. General Scott and his army marched in, and Colonel Lee was with the squadron that went to the Grand Plaza and

took possession of the Halls of the Montezumas. As most of the Mexican government officers had left the city, the Americans had the palace and public buildings to themselves.

There was no more fighting. But the army had to wait in Mexico until a treaty of peace could be made and agreed upon. Meanwhile, Colonel Lee took great interest in the terms of the treaty. He thought it would not be fair to make the Mexicans give up too much because they were whipped. He said, "I would not exact more now than before the war. I should wish nothing but what is just, and that I would have sooner or later."

General Scott and some of his officers had had differences during the campaign. Colonel Lee spent a part of his spare time now in trying to bring these officers to a better understanding with their commander, and he succeeded very well.

Colonel Lee and the other engineer officers also passed a portion of their time in making surveys and drawings of the city and its defenses. One evening some of the officers were talking together in one of the Mexican palaces. They were speaking of the dangers and difficulties they had overcome on the march from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico. Then it was proposed that they drink a toast to Colonel Lee, of the engineers, to whose skill so great a part of their success was due. All

gladly agreed. And then it was discovered that Lee was not present.

One of the officers went to look for him. At last Lee was found all alone in a distant room of the palace. He was busy drawing a map. The officer said to him, "What are you doing here? Why are you not enjoying yourself with us?"

Lee looked up and pointed to his drawing instruments.

"But," said the officer, "this is drudgery. Leave it to some one else to do."

Lee replied, "No. I cannot do that. I am only doing my duty."

A great many of the officers in the army, now that the war was ended, were eager for promotion because of their services. And so they and their friends began to ask the President to give them higher and better positions in the army. But Colonel Lee said he hoped none of his friends would trouble themselves on his account. He said if the President saw fit to bestow any promotion on him, he would gratefully receive it, and he had no doubt that whatever he might be given in that way would be greater than he deserved.

Finally, the treaty between the United States and Mexico was made and signed. Then there was nothing left the American army but to return home. Colonel Lee could now go to his wife, his boys, and girls, and so he set out. Traveling in those days was

still slow, for there were not yet many railroads and steamboats. However, he at last reached Washington City, and would soon be at Arlington.

CHAPTER VI

AT HOME

Colonel Lee's family was expecting him. A carriage was sent to Washington to meet him. But he missed it, and so rode on to Arlington alone. The distance was short, and he was soon there. His little dog, Spec, was the first one on the place to meet him. Spec jumped and barked and was so glad that he could not be still.

Colonel Lee's little son, Robert Edward, Jr., had never seen his father. So when he knew his soldier papa was coming home, he wished to put on his best dress. This dress was made of a pretty cloth with a blue ground, having a white diamond figure. Little Robert thought it very fine, and he was extremely proud of it. His black mammy, Eliza, objected to his wearing it, but he was going to see his father for the first time, and so he had his way. Then clad in his finest, with his hair curled in long golden ringlets, he felt very grand. As it chanced, he had company that day. A little friend of about his own age was visiting him. So together

they went into the large front room to wait for the hero, the great soldier, to come.

At last they heard Spec's barking and then they saw a tall, fine-looking man in a beautiful soldier's uniform ride up. He dismounted and came springing up the steps and into the room. Little Robert knew this was his father, but big Robert did not know his son so well. For after he had greeted the others of his family, Colonel Lee said, "Where is my little boy?" He soon found little Robert and his friend who were back behind the larger boys and girls, and then he took up the little friend and hugged and kissed him. The great soldier thought this was his own little boy. Of course Robert got his share of hugging and love pretty soon, but he was grieved that his father had mistaken his friend for himself, even though he was wearing his best dress.

Colonel Lee had seven children. As you might like to know their names, here they are in the order of their ages. First was George Washington Custis, then Mary, William Henry Fitzhugh, Annie, Agnes, Robert Edward, and Mildred. Now that he was at home again, they were all very happy. But he had been away so long that even the older boys and girls hardly knew him. His face had some lines in it, and his hair was just beginning to become gray. So he did not look as they had expected. They would gaze at him and seem to be wondering. This was funny to him, and he laughed at

COLONEL ROBERT E. LEE

From a photograph taken about 1852

them. But they soon got used to his looks, and then they all had good times with him.

A great many of the soldiers brought back curious things which they got in Mexico. But to many people the queerest thing Lee brought home was a bottle of whisky that he had carried through the whole war without opening. A lady had given it to him when he started to Mexico, saying she was sure he would need it. But he had not needed it, and he had shown that it was possible to be a brave soldier without using whisky. It was once said of him that he had none of the smaller vices, such as smoking, chewing, drinking, and swearing, and that not even his bitterest enemies had ever accused him of any of the greater vices.

Lee dearly loved his family and his home. His thoughts were always turning to them. In one of his letters home from Mexico, he wrote, "Oh, what pleasure I lose in being separated from my children! Nothing can compensate me for that."

As the war was now ended and there was no more fighting, Colonel Lee rested for a while, then went back to his work on the Corps of Engineers. He was put in charge of some fortifications that were being erected near Baltimore. So now he could have his family with him and they could be at home together. Going to Baltimore in 1849, they lived there for three years.

Each morning a boat was brought to the wharves

at the southern end of the city by some soldiers, who came to carry Colonel Lee to the works. After he reached the fortifications, he would spend the day there overlooking and directing what was done. Sometimes he carried little Robert with him. At noon they would go to a farmhouse near by, and then they would have a good country dinner.

One morning Colonel Lee took Robert down to the wharf to see a vessel that had just reached port from Vera Cruz. The vessel was being unloaded. At last they saw a mustang pony swung off. He had been on the voyage a long time and had had very little attention. He was very tired and sick, and all together, he was a sad-looking pony. He had been sent to Colonel Lee for Robert, who now took charge of Santa Anna, as the pony was named, and began to curry and feed him. The pony was soon looking better, and with the help of a big strong Irishman, Robert learned to ride him. Santa Anna was then a member of the Lee family.

Colonel Lee's own horse was named Grace Darling. She was a beautiful and faithful one. She had carried her master through the Mexican War. She had gone through many dangers and had not always escaped unhurt, for she had been wounded no less than seven times. When Lee started home from the war, he was eager to reach his wife, his boys, and girls, as quickly as possible. But as he knew that the shortest route home

was very hard on horses, he chose a longer route for the sake of his faithful Grace Darling. So now he had her with him in Baltimore, and she, too, was for many years a member of the family.

Often Colonel Lee on Grace Darling and Robert on Santa Anna went for a ride. Santa Anna was an excellent horse to canter, but Colonel Lee had Robert make him trot, as he said the "hammering" was good for his son. He thought it would make the boy strong and hardy to ride roughly. They took many of these rides during the years at Baltimore.

You remember Lee's dog Dart, that he saved from drowning in New York Harbor? Well, one day while the family was still living at Fort Hamilton, Dart came and whined and begged some one to go with her. She wanted to show some little wooly, squirming, blind puppies. She seemed very proud of them. But as there were now more dogs than the Lees needed at their house, when they had grown large enough, all of them except one went to live with other people, who wanted dogs. The one that stayed with them was named Spec.

Spec grew rapidly. He was a pretty, black-and-tan terrier. It was suggested that his tail and ears be cropped, but Colonel Lee would not allow this to be done. Like all puppies, Spec was a wonderfully smart dog. It was not long before he seemed to feel that he was the most important one of the family.

Colonel Lee was very fond of him. He often talked to Spec as though he were one of his children. While Lee was in Mexico, Spec became ill. Then Colonel Lee wrote his wife a letter, asking if she could not cure poor Spec. "Cheer him up," he wrote, "take him to walk with you and tell the children to cheer him up." He did not want his dog to die. Another time he sent this message to Spec from Mexico, "Tell him I wish he were here with me. He would have been of great service in telling me when I was coming upon the Mexicans. When I was reconnoitering around Vera Cruz, their dogs frequently told me by barking when I was approaching them too nearly." Lee also loved his cats, but Spec was so jealous that as long as he lived the cats received very little attention.

While the Lees lived in Baltimore, Spec always went to church with them. During the service, he would sit and look very serious. Some of the other children at church thought his actions very funny, so they laughed at him and made a noise. For this reason, Colonel Lee decided that Spec must not go to church any more. He was therefore shut in a room upstairs to stay while the family went to services without him. As Spec did not like this, he barked and howled at a great rate. When he looked from the window and saw them leaving, he barked and howled worse than ever. He saw the children looking back and knew they were sorry for

him. After they were out of sight, he seemed to think he could never stand it to be left alone such a long time, for he jumped out of the window to the hard paved street below. It did not hurt him too badly to keep him from traveling, so he limped off as fast as he could and got to church just as the Lees were entering. The younger children were delighted. After that, Spec went to church whenever he wished to go. It was while the Lees lived in Baltimore that Spec at last died and was buried with fitting honors.

Colonel Lee petted his two younger children, Robert and Mildred, a great deal. In the evenings before they went to bed, he would tell them stories. If they grew sleepy and began to nod, he would arouse them by poking them with his toes. Often when they awoke in the morning, they would go and get into his warm bed with him, for there was nothing they liked better. Then while he told them interesting stories, they would cuddle very close to him and listen. He often played with the children. Sometimes he would jump or run with the boys.

He was always kind and good. Some ladies in Baltimore said, "Everybody and everything, — his family, his friends, his horse, his dog, — everything loves Colonel Lee." And this was true, for he loved them, and they in turn loved him.

After a time, in 1852, Lee was made Commandant

of the Military Academy at West Point. Again he could have his family with him — his wife, his boys and girls, Grace Darling, Santa Anna, the dogs and cats, — all went to live with him there. Colonel Lee's oldest son, Custis, was already a cadet in the Academy.

Lee began, while at West Point, to train Robert, who had now grown to be quite a large boy, to attend to his own room just as the cadets did. Robert made his own bed, dusted his floor, and put away his own clothes, and each day his room was inspected by his father. Robert was proud to have him do this and was always very glad when his father said the room was in good order. Colonel Lee was training Robert in this way to make him practical and useful.

While at West Point, young Robert was in school most of the time. His father would often go to his room at night and help him with his lessons. He did not read the Latin sentences nor give him answers to the problems, but he would ask questions that led Robert to get them right for himself. Whenever Robert brought home a good report, Colonel Lee was very proud, but he always insisted on Robert's getting the highest marks possible. Colonel Lee and this son Robert were close companions.

Colonel Lee now gave Robert a small gun. There were a great many crows in the near-by fields and woods. To encourage Robert to hunt these cunning

COLONEL LEE INSPECTING HIS SON'S ROOM

and troublesome birds, he offered him a reward for every crow's scalp he could take. With great eagerness, Robert began hunting. In the woods he would sight a crow and then he would creep stealthily along until he thought he was almost near enough to shoot. But before he could take aim and fire, "Caw, caw!" and away would fly the watchful crow, leaving Robert to follow him or to hunt up another one. He was determined, however, and after several days he at last killed two crows. He now thought he could kill any number, and his enthusiasm knew no bounds. He began to plan the many things he would buy with the money he was going to make by killing crows. Colonel Lee paid him the reward promised, but Robert thought he saw a sly twinkle in his father's eyes when he boasted of how many more of the mischievous birds he would kill. This did not discourage him, and he kept up his hunting with great vigor, but Robert killed no more crows and Colonel Lee paid no more rewards.

The two still took their long rides together on Grace Darling and Santa Anna. On one of these rides, they saw three cadets in the road ahead of them. As soon as the cadets saw the Commandant and Robert, they leaped over a wall and ran into a thicket. As they rode on, Colonel Lee did not say anything for a time. Then he said to Robert, "Did you know those young men? But no; if you did, don't say so. I wish boys

would do what is right; it would be so much easier for all parties." As it was against the rules for the cadets to leave the Academy and go beyond certain limits without permission, it would have been Colonel Lee's duty to punish them if he had learned who they were. Not being quite sure about this, he was willing for the three boys to have the benefit of the doubt.

Lee's family and friends persuaded him to have his portrait painted while he was Commandant at West Point. He sat for it only once. After that, the painter had to finish the work from memory and from glimpses he could catch as Colonel Lee went about the campus. Lee said he had no time to sit down to have his portrait painted. The picture, however, was said to be a most excellent likeness of him.

On Saturday there was always a half holiday at West Point. Most of the cadets were at a distance from their homes, and were thus mostly cut off from social life. So in order to make them have a better time, nearly every Saturday evening, some of them were invited to Colonel Lee's house for supper. They would come dressed in their uniforms, very stiff and grand. At first they usually would be very much embarrassed to find themselves in company with the Commandant, but Colonel Lee would talk so freely and easily with them about things they understood and were interested in that they were soon feeling comfortable and were

having good times. It was thought a great honor among the cadets to be invited to his home.

Colonel Lee was always a very prompt man. He was never late. He was always the first one of the family to be ready for church. He would sometimes tease Mrs. Lee for being late or forgetting something at the last moment. When he was ready, he would wait for the others as long as he could, not to be late himself. He would then say, "I'm off," and march along to church with any of the children that happened to be ready. At church he sat up very straight, and you may be surprised to learn that he sometimes napped a little when the sermon was long. But he was a good man and a true Christian.

In this chapter, we have seen something of Lee at home with his wife, his boys and girls, his horses, cats, and dogs. This period of three years in Baltimore and three years at West Point was the longest he was ever permitted to spend with his family. It was a very happy time for them all, and his children never forgot it.

CHAPTER VII

THE CAVALRY OFFICER

As we have already seen, while Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War, two regiments of cavalry were added

to the United States army. In 1855, Lee was appointed lieutenant colonel in one of the regiments, the Second. So he left West Point to take this place. It was the first time Lee had ever been a commander of men in the army. Before this he had been merely an engineer. After Albert Sidney Johnston, Lee was the highest officer in his regiment.

The family now went to Arlington to live, while he went with his regiment to Texas. Their happy home life together was broken up.

At this time, there were in Texas two tribes of especially troublesome Indians, the Apaches and the Comanches. The United States government was trying to care for them as well as to control them, but they were very savage and hard to manage. The Comanches were a fierce tribe that ate raw meat, slept on the ground, and were thieves and murderers. They were fine horsemen, and on their tough ponies they liked to leave their retreats during the summer, kill the whites, and drive off their cattle and horses for themselves.

The government had a line of forts built and then put soldiers in them to watch for the Indians and to drive them away whenever a raid was attempted. But still the Indians could not be kept from doing a great deal of harm. So Colonel Lee's regiment of cavalry was to spend a part of its time between the forts to keep the Indians in check.

Near Lee's first post, Camp Cooper, was an Indian Reserve. Here the Indians would come to be fed by the government during the winter when it was cold and food scarce. But in the spring when the grass grew, and game and cattle were fat, they would go off and get ready to make a raid on the white people who had fed them.

One of their chiefs was named Catumseh. Lee visited this old chief and told him that he would treat him as a friend as long as he behaved, but if he did not act as he should, he would treat him as an enemy. Catumseh did not like this talk from the American officer, so he gave an ugly grunt and said that since he had six wives, he was a big Indian. Lee ought to get more wives before he talked. Thus little good was done by the talk, for soon afterwards Colonel Lee was sent with four companies of his regiment on an expedition against these Indians. The white soldiers could not find them, for they had slipped away to their hiding places in the wild deserts. Lee did not like the Indians very much, and he said the wretched creatures gave more trouble than they were worth.

Here is a part of a letter that Colonel Lee wrote his wife from Camp Cooper, "My Fourth of July was spent after a march of thirty miles on one of the branches of the Brazos, under my blanket, which rested on four sticks driven in the ground, as a sunshade. The sun was fiery hot, the air like a furnace, and the water salt;

still my love for my country was as great, my faith in her future as true, as they would have been under better circumstances."

Soon afterwards a terrible disease broke out among the soldiers and other people. Many of them died. Colonel Lee wrote home that he himself had read the church service over a little boy that had died.

It was while he was in Texas that he wrote so good a letter to his son Custis that you should read it. "You must study," he wrote, "to be frank with the world — never do a wrong thing to make a friend or to keep one. Do not appear to others what you are not." In closing this letter, Colonel Lee wrote that nearly a hundred years before, there was a day that was very dark, almost like night. The sun was hidden, the chickens went to roost, and animals and people were badly frightened. Many believed that the end of the world was near and that the Day of Judgment was at hand. In Connecticut the legislature was in session. The darkness and dread were so great that some members proposed that they adjourn. But one old legislator, Davenport of Stamford, said, "Let lights be brought so we may proceed with our business. Even though the Day of Judgment should be at hand, I desire to be found doing my duty." Lee said the man's soul was full of heavenly quiet and a willingness to do his duty. "Duty then," he wrote Custis, "is the sublimest word in the language.

Do your duty in all things like the old Puritan. You cannot do more; you should never wish to do less. Never let me or your mother wear one gray hair for any lack of duty on your part." Do you wonder that Custis Lee himself became a great and noble man?

In the summer of 1857, Albert Sidney Johnston was sent away from Texas, and Lee, the next in command, was made the commander of the regiment.

During the fall of 1857, Lee's father-in-law, Mr. Custis, died, and Lee went home. Mr. Custis left Arlington and the rest of the land to his daughter. Colonel Lee had always taken delight in thoughts of a farm. It was now his duty to see after his wife's estates at Arlington and the White House, a large place on the Pamunkey River. In this work, he took great pride and interest. He had the buildings, roads, and fences repaired and improved. The stock and cattle were better fed and cared for. He liked this so well he said he longed for the time when he could live on a farm in quiet and peace.

Mr. Custis had directed in his will that at the end of five years all his slaves should be set free. Lee was chosen by him to see that the provisions of the will were carried out.

After staying with his wife and family as long as he could, and settling Mr. Custis's affairs as far as possible, Colonel Lee went back to Texas. He was soon busy in

an attempt to capture a noted Mexican brigand whose name was Cortinez. This robber and his companions would steal across the border into Texas and take the ranchmen's horses and drive off their cattle. The robbers knew the country so well that they could get back into Mexico before they could be overtaken. Colonel Lee spent several months in trying to capture Cortinez, but most of the time was taken up in finding water and pasturage for his horses. He would pursue the robbers till his horses and men were exhausted. The plains were so hot and dry, it was then necessary to hunt grass and water. Cortinez could easily manage to refresh his men and horses, but by the time Lee could do the same thing, Cortinez would be safe in Mexico.

Colonel Lee spent two years more in chasing Indians and robbers, and then he went for another visit to Arlington. But he did not rest all the time on this visit, for he had an important duty to perform, about which you shall now hear.

John Brown was a man who was brought up in Connecticut. He became convinced that slavery was wrong, and that it ought to be ended in the United States. One of his relatives had been killed in Kansas during the disputes over slavery there. This loss deeply grieved him and made him more anxious than ever to destroy slavery. He finally imagined that the Lord had chosen him especially for the work of freeing the

slaves. It is believed that he became somewhat crazy on the subject, but perhaps he was only very much in earnest in his opinions. He did not know that most slaves in the South were happy and loved their masters; he thought they were very unhappy and wretched.

At last he came to think they ought to be freed by any means possible. He made up his mind that if no one else would help the negroes, he himself would. He thought if they were given a little help and encouragement, the slaves would rise against their masters and free themselves. So on Sunday night, October 16, 1859, Brown with twenty-one other white men, took possession of the armory at Harper's Ferry in Virginia. These men now expected that the slaves all over the South would rise and join them, and thus the task would soon be accomplished. Some of Brown's men went to the near-by plantations, and seized horses, wagons, carriages, and slaves. The owners of the plantations were captured and carried to the engine house of the town as prisoners. Brown and his men shut themselves and their prisoners in the building and barricaded the doors. As the negroes did not join him as he had expected, Brown and his men were alone. But the grim old Abolitionist would not despair, but determined to hold out to the last.

As you have already seen, Colonel Lee was at home at this time. President Buchanan sent him with some

soldiers to arrest Brown. Colonel Lee reached Harper's Ferry soon after Brown had shut himself in the engine house. He sent a message to Brown to try to show him the folly of his efforts to free the negroes in that way, and he urged Brown to surrender without giving further trouble. He also promised Brown a fair trial by officers of the law.

But Brown said he would not surrender. So then Colonel Lee's men were ordered to batter down the door of the engine house. With a heavy beam of timber, they went to work. Lee and his men were now fired on by Brown's men, but Lee's soldiers soon had the door broken open and John Brown and his raiders were captured, and turned over to the civil officers.

Having performed this duty, Lee returned to his regiment in Texas. A part of the next summer he spent at San Antonio. He liked this place better than he had liked the posts in the deserts, as there were more people and he had the chance to enjoy a little social life. The Episcopalians were trying to build a church for themselves in the town, and Colonel Lee, who was of the Episcopal faith, was glad to give them all the help he could.

At this time when a separation of the states was threatening, he was very much concerned because of the dark trouble that was gathering over the country. In 1861, after Texas had seceded from the Union, the

United States War Department ordered Colonel Lee to report to General Scott at Washington. He at once left Texas and reached the capital the last of February. He went to Arlington to rest for a few days with his family and to await results.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CONFEDERATE GENERAL (1861–1862)

On the 17th of April, 1861, Virginia seceded from the Union. The next day Colonel Lee had a long talk with General Scott, and it is said that Scott did all he could to keep Lee in the United States army, because he had always thought Lee the most useful man in the service. Scott once said, "It would be better for every officer in the army, including myself, to die than Robert Lee," and he had already declared his intention of recommending Lee as commander in chief of the American army, when he himself should retire.

It is also said that an officer was sent by President Lincoln to offer Lee the command of the United States army. Lee told the officer that he himself was opposed to secession and war if they possibly could be avoided. He said that above all things he wished to preserve the Union, and that, if he owned all the four million slaves in the South, he would give them up to save the Union,

but he could not draw his sword on Virginia, his native State. He declared that he could take no part in an invasion of the Southern States.

Therefore, as Virginia had now left the Union, there was nothing for Lee to do but to resign his place in the army. This he did April 20. It cost him a great struggle, for he dearly loved the Union, and had spent the greater part of his life, and had exerted all the ability he had, in its service. In his letter to General Scott, explaining his action, Lee said Scott had always been kind to him, and Scott's name and fame would always be dear to Lee. "Save in defense of my native state," he wrote, "I never desire again to draw my sword." Lee could no longer act as Scott wished, but he was grateful to him. About this time, Mrs. Lee wrote to a friend, "My husband has wept tears of blood over this terrible war, but he must, as a man and a Virginian, share the destiny of his State."

After resigning, Colonel Lee wrote his brother, "I am now a private citizen and have no other ambition than to remain at home." To his sister he wrote, "I recognize no necessity for this state of things, and would have forborne and pleaded to the end for redress of grievances, real or supposed, yet in my own person I had to meet the question whether I should take part against my native State. With all my devotion to the Union — I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand

against my relatives, my children, my home. I have, therefore, resigned."

Besides the pain of separating from the Union, Lee's resignation cost him his fortune, including his beautiful and beloved Arlington. But Lee was always dutiful and honorable. After he had fought through the four long bitter years of the war, after he had lost his property and injured his health, he once said that he had acted at first in the only way that was free from dishonor. "If all were to do over again," he added, "I would act in precisely the same manner."

But however sure Lee was as to his own course, he was unwilling to advise Custis, who was also in the United States army when Virginia seceded. "Tell Custis," he wrote, "he must consult his own judgment, reason, and conscience as to the course he may take. I do not wish him to be guided by my wishes or example. If I have done wrong, let him do better." However, Custis did follow his noble father's example and joined the Confederate army. Robert Edward, Jr., was a private in the ranks until near the close of the war when he was promoted for bravery. Lee's other son, William Henry Fitzhugh, also served the Confederacy.

Lee was not to be permitted to remain at home as he had hoped. On April 23, three days after his resignation from the United States army, the Virginia Convention placed him in command of the military forces of that

state, as major general. On the next day, Major General Lee was introduced to the convention at Richmond. He came into the halls, a grand and noble man. His fifty-four years had not bent his tall and handsome figure. His manner was grave and dignified. "A great modesty tempered all his words and all his actions," and lent force to the few quiet words in which he thanked them for the honor bestowed on him. He said he would have much preferred it if they had chosen an abler man. He accepted, saying he would do his best, "trusting in an Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow-citizens."

Major General Lee at once began to organize, equip, and drill the thousands of men that now came pouring into Richmond. He soon made them into soldiers and formed an army. He was extremely busy, but he found time to write letters to his wife, telling her how best to arrange everything for leaving their beloved Arlington. He gave her directions about the pictures, plate, and furniture in the house, about the horses, servants, and the farm, and about the family. Lee was very glad when his wife had everything ready so she and the girls could leave and find another home more safe.

On May 25, all the Virginia troops were turned over to the Confederate States government. Lee was now no longer a major general. Some people thought he would not be so zealous in the cause as he had been

while a major general. But Lee simply said, "I am willing to serve anywhere I can be useful." It is known that at one time he thought of serving as a private under the command of one of his sons. But he soon became a brigadier general, being one of the five appointed by the Confederate Congress.

For a time Lee was still kept busy making soldiers of the men that came to Richmond to join the Confederate armies. By the end of May, he had organized and sent to the field more than thirty thousand men. Also, for two or three months, he was the military adviser of President Davis. Because of Lee's great skill as an engineer, his experience in the Mexican War, and his knowledge of the country and the leaders on the Federal side, Davis had the greatest confidence in Lee's judgment. Their friendship and esteem for each other had begun when they were both cadets at West Point. After the war, when Lee's opinion of Davis's management of the war as President of the Confederacy was once asked, he replied, "You can always say few people could have done better than Mr. Davis. I know of none that could have done as well." It was once said that, "No two leaders ever leaned each on the other in such beautiful trust and absolute confidence. Hand in hand, heart to heart, they moved to the front of the dire struggle of their people for independence — a noble pair of brothers." Their friendship was never broken.

Lee himself was anxious to be where he could take a more active part in the war, and at last he was sent to the western part of Virginia to take charge of operations there. He wrote his wife a letter soon after he reached this region, and as was usual with him when in a new place, he did not fail to write of the country. He spoke of the grass-grown hills and the beautiful scenery.

However, Lee could accomplish but little in West Virginia, because of the mountainous country, the lack of supplies, and the great numbers of the Federals. Besides, the people of that section were for the Union, and they helped McClellan, the Federal commander, in many ways, furnishing him guides and bringing him information of every move of Lee's forces. Then, too, there were heavy rains, and a great deal of sickness in Lee's small army, so that he could not make an attack as he had planned. In addition to all these things, one of Lee's orders was disobeyed at a time when it brought defeat. But in his report to the Confederate government, he was too generous to lay the blame on any one else. At another time, he was blamed for not making an attack on the Federals in West Virginia, but as he knew it would not be best at that time, he paid no attention to the complaint, and only said, "I could not afford to sacrifice five or six hundred of my people to silence public clamor."

He returned to Richmond, but in November, 1861,

he was sent to build a line of forts along the coast of South Carolina and Georgia to ward off attacks from the sea. Lee was still anxious to be in the field where the fighting was going on, yet he went to this engineering work without a complaint. He did it so well that it was not until General Sherman made a flank march from the South, through Georgia and South Carolina, that these posts fell into Federal hands.

The winter of 1861 and 1862 now came on, and the fighting ceased. But meanwhile the leaders on both sides were busy making plans and getting ready. General Lee thought it would be best for the armies of the South to stand ready to repel an invasion, and he so advised. This plan was adopted by the Confederate government. On the other hand, the Federal government planned to invade the South and capture Richmond, its capital. In this way they hoped to cut the Confederacy in two and destroy it. As you will see, a great part of the history of the Civil War and Lee's part in it gathers about the attempts of the Federals to capture Richmond, and the efforts of the Confederates to hold it.

So now in the spring of 1862, General McClellan came with a large Federal army to take the Confederate capital. General Joseph E. Johnston met him to drive him back, and in one of the battles fought, Johnston was so badly wounded that he was disabled for many

weeks. General Lee was now placed in command of the army to defend Richmond, and here he remained till the close of the struggle.

General Lee at once began to collect as large an army as he could. He sent for General Thomas J. Jackson to help him in keeping back McClellan. J. E. B. Stuart, a cavalry commander, was another of Lee's generals. By the middle of June, Lee had collected sixty-five thousand men that composed what was known as the Army of Northern Virginia. General McClellan's force, called the Army of the Potomac, was one hundred and fifteen thousand strong.

McClellan's army was so near Richmond that people on the housetops in the city could see the camp fires and hear the boom of the cannon. Lee drew his lines about the city and threw up earthworks. He wished to know exactly what McClellan's army was doing, so General Stuart, who was afterwards called "Lee's eyes and ears," led his brave horsemen quite around the Northern army and found out what Lee wished to know. At last, on the 25th of June, a battle between the two armies was begun that lasted for seven days. It was called the "Seven Days' Battle." At its close, McClellan was compelled to retreat to the James River, and Lee had saved Richmond the first time, as he was to save it time and again later.

General John Pope was now placed in command of the

Federal army. Lee and Jackson met him in August, and fought the Second Battle of Manassas. Lee had boldly sent Stonewall Jackson fifty-six miles around to get in the rear of Pope, while he himself pressed Pope to the northward from the front. Jackson's men could go from place to place so swiftly that they were called "foot cavalry." On this march, they hardly stopped to rest at all, and they ate apples, green corn, and anything else they could get, as they hurried along. By the end of the second day after he set out, Jackson had led his twenty thousand men in between General Pope and Washington City. He then refreshed his troops with a large quantity of food that he had captured at Manassas Junction. Lee and Jackson had Pope's army between them, and it was now that the Second Battle of Manassas was fought. Both armies fought bravely, but Lee was the victor and Pope was forced to lead his army from Virginia.

As there were no longer any Federal troops in Virginia to threaten Richmond, Lee made up his mind to lead his army into Maryland. On this march into Maryland, Lee gave his soldiers strict orders not to take anything from the people without paying for it. But some of the hungry men did not obey this order. Lee himself caught a soldier with a squealing pig in his arms. The man was going to have a good dinner of pork. Lee arrested him, and as he was one of Jackson's soldiers,

Lee sent him to that general with orders that he be shot at once for disobedience. But Jackson thought the army was already too small, and so after holding the soldier as a prisoner for a time, he released him and afterwards pardoned him for bravery at the battle of Sharpsburg.

McClellan had again been put in command of the army of the Potomac and ordered to check General Lee. One of Lee's marching orders was used by someone to wrap a handful of cigars. This little bundle was lost. A Federal soldier found it and carried it to McClellan, who learned from it that General Lee had divided his army into two parts. McClellan decided that he would get in between these two divisions of Lee's army and crush them out one at a time. However, he was checked in this by one of Lee's generals, D. H. Hill, at Boonesboro. It was at about this time that Jackson captured a large quantity of arms and provisions at Harper's Ferry, and then with his "foot cavalry" joined Lee in time for the next great fight.

On the 17th of September, McClellan, with a large fresh army, opened an attack on Lee at Sharpsburg, where a most bloody battle was fought. Lee had less than half as many men as McClellan. But the Confederates stood their ground. All day long the battle raged fiercely to and fro along the lines.

During the fighting, Jackson sent to Lee for orders. As Lee had the utmost confidence in General Jackson's

ability, he sent him back this message, "Go, tell General Jackson that he knows as well what to do as I." This was a very great compliment. On the other hand, Jackson once said, "Lee is a phenomenon. He is the only man I could follow blindfold."

General Lee's son, Robert, was in this battle. The battery of big guns that Robert helped to manage made a fierce charge and was driven back. The battery was badly torn up and almost disabled but Lee ordered it back into action. Robert passed near his father and asked, "General, are you going to send us in again?" "Yes, my son," Lee replied with a smile. "You all must do what you can to drive these people back." Robert went in as he was ordered and came out safe and sound.

The soldiers of both armies fought bravely, and there were many heroic deeds that day, but at nightfall, neither side had won the victory, and both armies camped on the field. Lee called his generals to a council of war. Some of them urged him to recross the Potomac at once and retreat into Virginia. Lee listened to them patiently, but as he did not think it best to fall back yet, he would not agree with them. When they continued pressing him to retreat, he at last raised himself in his stirrups and said, "Gentlemen, we will not cross the Potomac to-night. If McClellan wants to fight in the morning, I will give him battle again." True to his word he waited all that night and the next

day for an attack, but as it did not come and as McClellan was largely reënforced, Lee led his army back into Virginia, it is said, without the loss of a gun or a wagon. He now recruited his army and gave many of his soldiers new guns and ammunition that Jackson had taken at Harper's Ferry.

Soon after the battle of Sharpsburg, Lee heard that his daughter Anna was dead. His grief was very great, for she had been his dearest child. But he wrote thus in a letter to Mrs. Lee, "God in this as in all things has mingled mercy with the blow by selecting the one best prepared to go. May you join me in saying, His will be done!"

The Federal army was now put under the command of General Burnside. He brought the army back to Virginia and made an attempt to reach the Southern capital by way of Fredericksburg, a town north of Richmond, on the Rappahannock River. Burnside posted his men on Stafford Heights and on a large plain. Lee placed his men on Marye's Heights, which elevated them above Burnside's army.

The battle began at daylight on December 13. Burnside's blue lines charged up Marye's Heights six times, but they had little chance, as Lee's men poured their fire on them from above so fiercely that they could not advance. There were three hundred cannons booming at once, and the noise was fearful. Finding he could not

take these heights, Burnside withdrew his men across the Rappahannock, leaving Lee victor again.

The two armies now went into winter quarters, facing each other on the opposite sides of the river. Here they stayed until the spring of 1863. An English officer, who went to visit Lee, wrote this description of Lee's headquarters during this winter, "Lee's headquarters, I found, were only seven or eight pole-tents, with their backs to a stake fence, while a little stream of good water flowed close by. In front of the tents were three wagons, and a number of horses roamed over the fields. No guards were seen near, and no crowd of aides swarmed about. A large farmhouse stood close by, which would have made a good home for the general, but Lee does not let his men rob or disturb the people, and likes to set them a good example." This camp was in the edge of an old pine field, and it was here that Lee spent the winter, planning the war for the next year and getting ready.

During this winter, some friend gave Lee several chickens. Among them was a fine, large hen. She soon had made herself a nest in the general's tent, where she laid an egg before Bryan, Lee's Irish cook, had the chance to take her head off. So Bryan saved her, and each day Lee would leave the door of his tent open for her. This hen roosted and rode on one of the wagons and went with the army for about three years. She

saw several battles. But at last when food began to be very scarce, and when Lee was to have company, one day Bryan served her up in grand style. Lee thought the fowl was fine at dinner, but he did not suspect that he was eating his pet hen.

The time had at last come to free Mr. Custis's slaves, as he had directed in his will. Lee wrote out papers, setting them all free. He wrote that he hoped they would all be prosperous and happy. He had already several years before freed his own slaves.

General Lee had won so many victories and managed so well that the Southern people began to have great faith in him. His soldiers were "shoeless, hatless, ragged, and starving," but they loved and trusted "Mars Robert," as they now called him. "Mars Robert says so," had come to be their battle cry.

CHAPTER IX

THE CONFEDERATE GENERAL (1863)

One of the chief objects of the Federal government continued to be the capture of Richmond. If that could be done, it was still thought that the Confederate government would then be easily destroyed; so renewed efforts were going to be made to take the Southern capital. The Federal army was increased to one hun-

dred and thirty-two thousand men. General Joe Hooker was put in command. He was so good a fighter that he was sometimes called "Fighting Joe." He was the fourth general that had been sent to conquer Lee. He strengthened and improved his army until he thought he had the best one in the world. Hooker said he was sure he should soon whip Lee or have him on the run.

Lee knew his task during this year would be to keep the Federal army away from Richmond. He did all he could to increase and improve his forces, and was able to raise his number to about fifty-three thousand men, which was a good many less than half of Hooker's army. There was not enough food and clothes for his men, and this made it very hard for them. Their bread, made of flour and water, was called "hard-tack." Most of Lee's men had not been used to such rough fare at home, and some of them would complain. General Lee himself ate just what the men ate and was always cheerful. When he heard some one complain of the tough bread, he said, "You ought not to mind that; it will last longer." And so in the face of all these difficulties, Lee continued to make preparations for the war. He watched Hooker during the spring and found out his plans.

The last of April, General Hooker sent a part of his army to attack Lee at Fredericksburg. He did this to deceive Lee and make him think this was the main

attack, while he was leading the greater part of his army around to attack Lee in the rear. He meant to get Lee's army hemmed in on both sides and then destroy it completely.

But as Lee knew Hooker's plans pretty well, he was not so easy to fool. Hooker led the main division of his army to Chancellorsville, from which place he meant to attack Lee's rear. But Lee left a part of his army at Fredericksburg to meet the attack there, while he sent another division under Stonewall Jackson to attack Hooker's rear. Lee was doing for Hooker just what Hooker was planning to do for Lee.

Chancellorsville was a plantation settlement in the midst of a thick forest growth of trees, bushes, and vines, that was called "the Wilderness." It was in Hooker's camps here that Jackson fell upon his army so suddenly. Jackson's troops rushed upon Hooker's men like a cyclone and swept them from their breastworks. The fighting was kept up till May 4. By the morning of May 3, Lee had driven the greater part of the Federals to intrenchments near the Rappahannock River. His men were very weary, but he was preparing to attack them here in their works, when he heard that another division of Federals had taken Fredericksburg. So he went to help General Early who was defending this town. Together Lee and Early forced the Federals across the river to the north. Lee now went back to

attack Hooker, but found that Fighting Joe had led his men across to the north side of the river the night before. Thus this was another great victory for General Lee.

During this battle, through a mistake, Stonewall Jackson was shot by his own men. Two bullets had pierced his left arm, and it had to be cut off. He lived until May 10. His death was a great grief to Lee, for the two commanders loved and trusted each other very much. While Jackson lay suffering, he heard that Chancellorsville was a victory for the Southern army. He sent to congratulate Lee. General Lee knew how much of the battle had been planned and fought by Jackson, so he sent this message, "Say to General Jackson that the victory is his." Once it was reported that Jackson was better. Then Lee playfully sent him word, "You are better off than I am, for while you have only lost your *left*, I have lost my *right* arm." By this Lee meant that Jackson was as great help to him as his own right arm. When Jackson died, Lee said any victory was a dear one that deprived the army of Jackson.

Once more, as there was no Federal army in Virginia, Lee thought the best way to keep one out would be to lead his own army into the North again. Besides, clothes and provisions were now very hard to obtain at the South. By leading his army into the North, Lee hoped to secure supplies for his men. On the march,

the supplies needed were taken in an orderly way by the army quartermaster and commissaries. In this way, food, clothes, horses, and whatever else was necessary were taken. Whenever asked, receipts were given for what was taken, and the Federal government, in many cases, paid Pennsylvania citizens these claims after the war. Lee ordered all the officers and soldiers not to do any needless injury against private property, saying to them, "It must be remembered that we make war only on armed men, and not on women and children and private property." It is said that these orders were very carefully obeyed. An English officer who was along later wrote, "I saw no straggling into the houses, nor were any of the inhabitants disturbed or annoyed by the soldiers."

To make this march into Pennsylvania, Lee separated his army into three divisions. At Washington, it was reported to President Lincoln that the head of Lee's army was at Martinsburg and the rear of it between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, stretched out like some long, winding dragon. Lincoln wrote Hooker that if it was stretched out in that manner, "The animal must be slim somewhere — could you not break him?" But Hooker soon gave up the command of the army, and it was left to General George G. Meade, his successor, to fight the "animal" at Gettysburg.

General Meade had orders to meet and fight Lee, but

to manage always to keep his army between Lee and Washington City, which it was thought Lee meant to attack.

Neither commander intended to have a battle at Gettysburg, but quite by accident, on July 1, one division of Lee's army met the Federal forces at this place. General Lee soon came up and ordered that the strong position of the Federals on Cemetery Hill be taken. But this was not done, and the fighting ended till next day.

General Lee ordered an attack to be made on the Federals in the early morning of the second of July. But for some reason it was not made till four o'clock in the afternoon. By that time, General Meade had brought up all his forces, and though Lee's men fought bravely and gained some ground, they were not able to drive the Federals from their position. When night put an end to the second day's battle, the Union army still held its own.

Lee, still hoping the victory might be won by an early morning attack, gave orders that an advance be made on Meade's works at daybreak of the third. But again his orders were not obeyed. The attack for the day was not begun until one o'clock in the afternoon. Then a most furious artillery battle commenced. It lasted for about an hour, when the powder of the Confederates was nearly gone.

During this dreadful battle, General Lee was one of the coolest and calmest of men. He saw an officer whipping his horse, which had become badly frightened at the booming and screeching of shot and shell. "Don't whip him, Captain," Lee said, "don't whip him. I've got just such a foolish horse myself, and whipping does no good."

Whenever he saw badly wounded men, he had everything possible done for their comfort, but to the slightly wounded, he would say, "Come, bind up your wound and take a musket, my friend." He never forgot to add "my friend." His face was calm and showed no sign of worry and care. He was trying to encourage every soldier, saying cheerfully, "All this will come out right in the end; we will talk it over afterwards; but, meanwhile, all good men must rally." Many of the wounded, as they were carried to the rear, took off their hats and cheered him.

Towards the end of the day, there came the famous "Pickett's Charge." General Pickett, with his own men and the divisions of Pettigrew and Pender, advanced to storm the breastworks of the Federals on Cemetery Ridge. When he had nearly reached the blue lines, the Union artillery poured such a fire upon the Confederate ranks that they were mowed away by hundreds. For want of powder, Lee's guns could not reply. But still the Confederates moved forward. As

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one man fell, another stepped into his place, and thus the ranks were closed. On and on they went until a part of the Federal lines was seized. Lee had commanded that help be brought to Pickett, but again some one failed to obey orders, and so the brave fellows were forced to fall back, leaving Gettysburg a Federal victory.

As Pickett returned from the charge, Lee met him and said, "It's all my fault, and you must help me out of it the best you can." Lee knew his orders had not been obeyed, but he was too kind and considerate of the feelings of his officers to lay the blame on any of them. In this fight he sorely missed his "right arm," and once said, "Had I had Jackson at Gettysburg, I should, so far as man can judge, have won that battle."

Lee camped on the field for the night. To one of his officers he said, "This has been a sad day for us, Colonel, a sad day, but we can't expect always to gain victories." He waited the next day for Meade to attack him, and then he started on his march back into Virginia. Heavy rains had now set in, and so, when the army reached the Potomac, the water was too high to be crossed easily. So General Lee sent his wounded across in boats. He then got ready to fight Meade, who was following him. But the Union general did not come up for a battle, and Lee's army was soon safe in Virginia again.

Lee now offered to President Davis to give up his com-

mand in the army. He said that he was getting old and that he was not strong. He said he thought a younger and abler man should be appointed to be at the head of the army. Lee declared he could not carry out what he himself wished, and much less could he do what others expected of him. In his reply, Davis refused to relieve Lee of his command, asking, "Where am I to find a stronger and abler man?" Davis said it would be impossible to find a man more fit to command than Lee and one who would have more of the confidence of the people. He said further that the deeds of Lee and his army would be the subject of history and the objects of the world's admiration for ages to come. Lee therefore kept the command. From this may be seen how these two men trusted and honored each other.

It was harder now than ever to get food and clothes for the army. Mrs. Lee and her three daughters spent most of their time knitting socks for the soldiers. In October of this year, General Lee wrote his wife, "I am glad you have some socks for the army. Send them to me. Tell the girls to send all they can. I wish they could make some shoes. We have thousands of barefooted men." Is it any wonder the soldiers loved Lee and called him "Mars Robert" and "Uncle Robert"?

About this time, the city of Richmond gave Lee a house. In a kind manner, he refused it, and begged

that what money the city could spare be used in helping the families of his poor and wounded soldiers.

The rest of the year passed with very little fighting.

CHAPTER X

THE CONFEDERATE GENERAL (1864–1865)

WHEN the campaign of 1864 began, it was still Lee's duty to defend Richmond. This had become a very difficult task, for Lee had now not more than sixty-two thousand men in all, and it was impossible to get food and clothes for even these.

Another man now came to conquer Lee. This was General U. S. Grant, who had one hundred and twenty-five thousand men, plenty of food and clothes for them, and a wagon train sixty-five miles long.

With the beginning of spring, Grant led his hosts into Virginia. Time and again he tried to march around Lee's army, or did his best to beat it out of the way, in order to get to Richmond. In making these efforts, the armies often met, and at such times many fierce battles were fought.

On May 4, Grant tried to get past Lee. While the Federals knew little of the country, Lee was acquainted with nearly every foot of it. Grant did not have to hunt Lee, for Lee went to meet him. Both armies plunged into the Wilderness, and the next day they

met in its dense growth of bushes, trees, and vines. The men could scarcely see each other, even a few yards away. It was a bad place for a battle, and the big guns and cavalry could hardly be used at all.

Lee's army was soon attacked by the Federals, who came on in full force. Just at this time, General Longstreet came up with his men to help Lee drive them back. Lee saw that some of the first regiments of Longstreet's divisions were Texas soldiers. "Hurrah for Texas! Hurrah for Texas!" he shouted, and at once rode at the head of their column and gave the command, "Charge." But they would not go forward a step, for they loved Lee and feared that he might be hurt in a charge. So they began to call out, "Lee to the rear! Lee to the rear! General, if you do not go back, we will not go forward." At last a gray-haired old sergeant laid hold of Lee's bridle rein and led him away out of danger. These brave soldiers then charged and checked the advance of the Union men.

This was probably one of the most dreadful battles of the whole war. It raged for two days, and then the thick tangled woods took fire and began to burn. As the men still lay wherever they had fallen in the fight, hundreds of them were burned. Despite all, Lee pressed his army forward and checked Grant. Both armies camped on the field for the night, and then lay watching each other all the next day.

When the night of the 7th came, Grant marched away to Spottsylvania Courthouse, meaning to steal around and past Lee's lines to Richmond. But Lee found out this plan, and so he too began a march for the same place. When Grant's men reached the courthouse next morning, Lee's men were there behind breastworks, waiting for them. Thus Lee had saved Richmond once more.

Then there was fighting between the two armies nearly all the time for about twelve days. Grant was doing his best to break through Lee's lines. At one place Lee's breastworks extended outward in a point. In one of Grant's attacks, this point was taken by the Federals after a very hard fight. So many men were killed here that it was called the "Bloody Angle." During the fight musket balls flew so thick that they cut down stout oak trees. Though Grant had taken the Bloody Angle, he could not break through Lee's lines in any other place.

In this battle, Lee again rode to the front to lead a charge. But General John B. Gordon told Lee the men were Virginians and Georgians, who had never failed, and it would not be necessary for Lee so to expose himself. These soldiers, like the others we have already heard about, agreed to go forward if Lee would go to the rear. This Lee did and the men nobly kept their promise. General Lee often went into dangerous places, and often wished to lead charges. But his men and

officers would never allow him to do so if they could prevent it. They said the place of danger was no place for him. He was told this so often that at last he said, "I wish I knew where my place is on the battlefield. Wherever I go, some one tells me it is not the place for me."

On the night of May 20, Grant again tried to steal past Lee's lines to Richmond. But again Lee was too quick for him, and hurried his own men into place so rapidly that Grant was faced and checked. However, a great deal of hard fighting followed. Grant's army in lines six miles long attacked Lee's ranks, but did not succeed in breaking through them, for Lee's men fought so fiercely that Grant lost twelve thousand of his soldiers in less than a half hour, and his men finally refused to attack the Confederates at all. This is called the Second Battle of Cold Harbor.

Grant then moved his army around to the south of Richmond, and attempted to capture Petersburg, hoping thus to cut Richmond off from the South as well as to take the capital itself. This caused Lee now to have to defend Petersburg and Richmond with lines only thirty-five miles long, against Grant who had an army more than twice as large as his own. Lee's men were now pretty hungry most of the time, as they got only one quarter of a pound of meat and one pound of flour each day. Lee with his men, hungry and ill-clad as they were, kept Grant from taking Petersburg, but

in spite of all, one of the railroads leading into Richmond from the South was taken. Lee spent a great part of the rest of this year in several unsuccessful attempts to retake this railroad. Besides this he had to meet one attack after another from Grant's hosts.

Finally the Confederate army went into winter quarters in the trenches around Richmond and Petersburg. Lee often went into the trenches himself to see how his men were faring.

One cold morning during this winter, on the train from Richmond to Petersburg, a young soldier whose arm was in a sling, was seen trying to put on his overcoat. His efforts seemed very painful, and he was after all about to fail. Then one of the officers that happened to be on the train rose from his seat and went to help the young man. Tenderly and carefully he drew the coat over the wounded arm, and then with a few kind words, this officer went quietly back to his seat. The officer was dressed in a plain suit of gray and wore no other sign of rank than three gilt stars on his collar, but he was none other than General Lee.

Here is another story that is told of Lee's kindness and tenderness of heart. During the summer of 1864, while he was defending Richmond, Lee and some of his men were standing in front of a house. This fact drew upon them a heavy fire from the Federals. Lee said to those with him, "Men, you had better go into

the back yard; they are firing up here and you might get hurt." The men unwillingly obeyed, and looking back, they saw the general walk across the yard and pick up something and place it in a tree above his head. They looked carefully and found that the object for which he had risked his life was a young bird that had fallen from its nest.

During this winter, Lee was one day riding with his staff along the lines, when he saw a minister giving away religious tracts to the men in the trenches. He was reminded by this that he had a dozen new prayer books that he could give to some of the men. Some time before this, Lee had told a friend in Richmond that he had bought himself a new prayer book and was going to give his old one to some soldier. The friend thought he would like to own the prayer book that Lee had carried ever since the Mexican War, so he offered to give Lee twelve new ones for the old one. Lee made this trade, and thus he now had a dozen prayer books to give to the soldiers. The minister said he would be glad to have them for the men. On the flyleaf of each book, Lee wrote "Presented by R. E. Lee." You may be sure these books were much prized by those who received them.

As the spring of 1865 came on, Lee began to feel that with his small force, he could not much longer hold Richmond and Petersburg against the immense army

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of the Federals. General Grant had one hundred and twenty thousand well-armed, well-fed, well-clad soldiers. Lee had only about thirty-five thousand men in rags and tatters with almost nothing to eat. There was little chance to get food and clothes for Lee's army, and less hope that more men would join it, for there were no more men in the South to enter the army.

In this state of affairs, General Lee made up his mind that the only hope of keeping up the struggle with success would be to give up Richmond, and to lead his army to North Carolina, where he could unite it with that of General Joseph E. Johnston. There was a road leading out from Richmond which was the most direct route to North Carolina. This Lee wished to follow while making the retreat he now planned. General Grant must have known what Lee intended to do, for he had this road strongly guarded by General Sheridan. Lee sent General Fitz Lee's cavalry and Pickett's division of infantry to drive Sheridan back. But reënforcements came to Sheridan, and the next day at Five Forks, he attacked the Confederates and forced them away. This was one of the things the Federals had been trying to do all the time, for at last by these movements a Federal army had succeeded in getting in Lee's rear.

On the night of April 2, Lee led his remnant of an army away from Petersburg, thus, after nearly four years,

giving up Richmond. He marched toward Amelia Courthouse, where he had ordered provisions to be sent for his army. By mistake the provisions were sent to Richmond. In this way it happened that when Lee reached Amelia, his men were entirely without food. Lee was therefore now forced to spend a day in collecting supplies from the country about, and this delay gave Grant time to draw his men still closer about Lee. However, the march was taken up again the next day. As there now came on very heavy rains, the roads were almost impassable and the streams were swollen. The wagon train ahead was dragging itself but slowly, while the troops behind were compelled now and then to halt to beat off Grant's men. The main body of the army pressed forward with Lee, but still a great many of the men were captured. The Confederates had very little to eat, in fact almost nothing but parched corn, which they ate as they trudged along through the rain and mud. Many sank by the roadside, weary and faint with hunger, yet no murmur of complaint was heard.

Lee knew that his sick wife and his daughters at Richmond were in the midst of danger, and were perhaps being forced to escape from a ruined and troubled city. But under all these difficulties and annoyances his courage seemed to rise greater and nobler than ever. Wherever he came, his presence filled the weary, hungry men with renewed energy to keep up the toil-

some march. During these trying scenes, his countenance wore its usual calm, grave expression. Those who watched his face to catch a glimpse of what was passing in his mind could gather from it no trace of his inner feelings.

On this march, as all through the war, General Lee usually slept in his tent or in his wagon. He knew a great many people along the routes all over Virginia, but he feared if he stopped to stay over night with them, they would take the trouble to make extra preparations for him.

As many of his officers now thought it would be impossible for the army to escape, they made up their minds that it would be best to surrender it to General Grant. They thought they would try to free General Lee from the surrendering and take the blame upon themselves, and thus they would soften the pangs of defeat for him. So one of these officers suggested to Lee that they begin to make plans for surrender. Lee replied, "We have too many bold men to think of laying down our arms." On April 7, Grant himself sent a message to General Lee, proposing a surrender. Lee replied that he thought the emergency had not yet arisen. It is said that Lee in thus refusing to surrender was really trusting to a bold front to secure better terms of surrender.

When Lee reached the neighborhood of Appomattox

Courthouse, he found that the Federals were in front of him and that they had already taken the provisions meant for his own army. By the 9th of April, there were forty thousand Federals in front and twenty-five thousand close behind Lee's ten thousand men. The case seemed almost hopeless, but Lee gave the command, and Gordon and Fitzhugh Lee led a last attack, driving back the Federal advance. But the heavy columns behind checked the further progress of the Confederates.

Some one now urged that the remnant of the army of Northern Virginia be used for guerrilla warfare. Lee replied, "No, that will not do. We have fought this fight as long and as well as we knew how. We have been defeated. For us as a Christian people, there is but one course to pursue. We must accept the situation. These men must go home and plant a crop and we must proceed to build up our country on a new basis."

Lee bitterly hated the thought of being defeated and forced to surrender, but he did not dread it enough to let it keep him from doing his duty. Once he said, "How easily I could get rid of this and be at rest! I have only to ride along the lines and all will be over. But it is our duty to live for the women and children of the South." Again he said, "Human virtue should be equal to human calamity." Some one asked him what history would say of his surrender. "That is not the

question," he replied. "The question is, Is it right? If it is right, I will take all the responsibility."

Lee always loved a joke. Even in all the pain of defeat and failure, he would sometimes have a dry joke. On the morning before the surrender, General Wise, one of Lee's officers, bathed his face in some water that was red with mud. He had no towel, and so when his face became dry, the mud had stuck on it and left it red. He then came walking out of his tent with a large blanket thrown over his shoulders. Lee said to him as he approached the group of officers in which he was standing, "Good morning, General Wise, I see that you, at any rate, have not given up the contest, as you are in your war paint this morning." This caused a hearty laugh at General Wise because he looked, indeed, very much like an Indian.

When Lee saw that all hope of escape was cut off, he felt that it was his duty to his men to yield. Accordingly he sent a flag of truce and asked for a meeting with General Grant to discuss the terms of surrender. The two commanders met at a house near Appomattox, on April 9. General Lee wore a new uniform and had a fine sword at his side. He looked very handsome. He showed his usual firmness and dignity, and there was no trace of bad temper on his face.

The terms of surrender were soon agreed upon and written out. The men and officers were paroled on a

pledge not to take up arms again until they should be properly exchanged. They were allowed to retain their side arms and private property. General Grant said the men might need their horses for the spring plowing, so they were permitted to keep these also. All other property was surrendered, and the army was to be disbanded. Grant found out that Lee's men were almost starving, and so he at once ordered rations sent to the Confederates.

Grant afterwards said, "I felt like anything else rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe who had fought so long and valiantly and suffered so much for their cause." A Confederate officer who was present at the meeting of these two great soldiers has said that Grant's whole aim seemed to be to soften for Lee the bitterness of defeat and to soothe his feelings as far as he could. Lee himself said to some of his officers, "General Grant has acted with magnanimity."

When the interview with Grant was over, Lee went back to his men. When they saw him, their glad shouts of welcome soon died to a sad silence as they remembered what his mission had been. Then Lee with bared head and with tears flowing down his strong face said to them, "Soldiers, we have fought through the war together. I have done the best for you I could. My heart is too full to say more." He next gave orders for the disbanding of the army so that the men might go

home. A few hours later, he made his last address to his brave soldiers. He praised them for what they had done. He urged them now to go home and work as hard to build up the country as they fought in the war. "We must live for our afflicted country," he told them.

The soldiers had always loved "Mars Robert," and now as they listened to his last talk to them their hearts were sad. They remembered how good he had always been to them, and how nobly he had led them through the long struggle. They thought of his efforts to care for them and of how his own sick wife and his daughters had helped to provide socks for their bare feet and clothes for their bodies during the hard winter campaign. They knew he had not made them fight useless battles, but had kept them out of danger where he could. So now they crowded about him. Many shed tears at the thought of parting from Mars Robert. Hundreds tried to reach him to take his hand or to touch him, or even his faithful war horse, Traveler.

Lee was overcome by the grief of his veterans, as he thought of how faithful to the cause and how brave they had been. He remembered that they had refused to allow him to lead them in charges where he would have been in danger. He recalled how once, after many hours of hard work in the saddle, he had ridden on ahead of his army. He had stopped and lain down by the roadside to rest for a few minutes and had fallen

asleep. The army came on up, and when the first of the men had seen him, not wishing to awaken him, they passed the word along the line, and the whole army marched past him so quietly that his slumbers were not disturbed. He thought of how uncomplainingly they had borne the hardships of war, and he felt that they were, "in their rags and tatters, ill-clad, ill-shod, ill-fed, ill-armed," the flower of Southern manhood.

And then as he rode away from among them, he bared his head, and bade them a sad farewell. He went up the road to Richmond, and his heart was touched to find how proud were the people to see him, and how gladly they gave him of what little they had left to eat. He said, "These people are kind — too kind. They do too much — more than they are able to do — for us." Now, you must remember this was in Virginia, in a section where war had left the people almost nothing. He stopped to spend one night at a house. The poor woman offered him a bed, but he spread his blanket on the floor and slept. He could not give up being a soldier all at once. At another house, he stopped for the night, but when bedtime came, he spread his blanket in his old army wagon and spent the night there.

When he reached the outskirts of Richmond, it was quickly known to the people that General Lee would soon be among them. Hundreds of sad, silent people with bared heads gathered along the route that he must take

to reach his home. He was returning, not as a triumphant conqueror, but a murmur of approval of his noble courage and self-sacrifice ran through the crowd. He took off his hat, bowed his head, and rode quietly past them to his house. He was never again seen in war harness.

Lee had now been following the business of war for nearly forty years. He had fought as well and as long as he could in the Civil War. At last it was over and he could now rest for a time.

CHAPTER XI

THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT

After wishing for so long to be a private citizen, Lee now thought he was at last to have his desire. In July, 1865, he wrote to one of his sons, "If I am not prevented by the Federal authorities, I shall try to get to some quiet place to settle and live happy." He also said, "I am looking for a quiet little house in the woods, where I can procure shelter and my daily bread." As General Grant had pledged his honor for the safety of General Lee, he was not troubled by the Federal government for the part he had taken in the war.

While living in Richmond, Lee was visited by a great many people. Every comer to the city wished to look

upon the great commander. Many people offered to help him, though he did not feel that he needed help, and always refused it. One day two ragged Confederates just out of a Federal prison came to see him. They said there were sixty other fellows around the corner too ragged to come. These two had been sent to offer General Lee a home in the mountains of Virginia. "We will give you a good house and a fine farm," they said. Lee as usual refused kindly, but tears came to his eyes as he saw that these men, though poor themselves, wished to divide with him. Then there were all sorts of requests from people who fancied they needed help, and a great many letters came to him. To all of them Lee was kind, but he was weary and his wife was ill. In order to rest himself and to care for her better, he moved to a house in the country that a friend had offered him for his use. He was now the nurse of his wife as he had been of his mother in his boyhood. As his mother had thought he was both son and daughter to her, Mrs. Lee thought he was the best and noblest of men.

Soon after the war, many Southerners left the country and lived in other parts of the world. But Lee, in September, 1865, wrote, "I look to better days. The thought of leaving the country is abhorrent, and I prefer to struggle for its restoration and share its fate rather than give up all as lost." He was urged to enter the service of Duke Maximilian in Mexico, but he refused

to do so, saying that it would be better for all Southerners to remain at home.

About this time, an English nobleman offered to give him an estate in England. He urged Lee to accept it as suitable to Lee's own merits and the greatness of his family. Lee's friends all over the South, at one time and another, tried to give him land, money, and stock in railroads and banks. But he could not bring his proud, independent spirit to accept and use any of these gifts.

This great man, who had been so careful to secure a good education for himself, now looked to education to restore the wealth and culture of the South. He thought the entire youth of the country should be educated. For this reason, when the presidency of Washington College was offered to him, he was willing to consider the matter. The college was a small one. It had only four professors and not more than forty students. Besides, it was poorly equipped and in debt. Although it would mean hard work and small pay for him, he finally accepted, "in the hope," as he said, "of doing something for the benefit of the young men of the South."

After he had agreed to become president of Washington College, he was asked to take the presidency of a life insurance company. Although the salary was fifty thousand dollars a year, he refused the place because he had made up his mind to give the rest of his life to educating young men. The people who made this

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offer thought he refused because there would be too much work to do in such a position. So they said, "But, General, you will not be expected to do any work; what we wish is the use of your name." Lee then asked, "Do you not think if my name is worth fifty thousand dollars a year, I ought to be very careful of it?" He then politely declined the position, saying, "I am grateful, but I have a self-imposed task which I must accomplish. I have led the young men of the South in battle; I have seen many of them die on the field. I shall devote my remaining energies to training young men to do their duty in life."

In October, it was time for General Lee to take up his college duties. So he mounted his war horse, Traveler, and rode away to Lexington, the seat of the college. On the second of October, he took the oath of office, and was then a college president.

It was his earnest wish to make Washington College a great seat of learning, and for this he was well fitted. His own military training had given him regular and exact habits, and his force of character enabled him to impress these habits on students and on his fellow-professors. He made plans for several improvements, and worked hard at his task. The greatness of his name soon drew large numbers of students from all parts of the South. The faculty was increased, and before long the college had become a large and flourishing one.

During his first year as president of the college, seeing that the chapel was too small for all the students, he took steps to have a larger one built. He had the plan drawn for it under his own supervision, and then he did not rest till the chapel was finished.

General Lee enjoyed his work as a teacher and wrote thus to a friend about it, "For my own part, I enjoy the charms of civil life and find, too late, that I have wasted the best years of my life."

President Lee gave very close attention to his duties and knew even the smallest details of the college business. He even knew all the students by name. One morning when the roll was called, there was one name that he could not remember ever having heard before. He tried to recall its owner, but he could not. At last he asked one of the other professors who the student with the new name was. He then learned that this student had entered college during the president's absence.

In Washington College, it had always been the custom for the president and the professors to watch the students very closely in order to find out any mischief they might do. President Lee did not like this plan and began what is called the honor system. Each student was trusted to do right on his own responsibility. This encouraged them to do right, because they knew they were expected to do so, and soon there was a great change

for the better in the students of the college. And thus they became known as especially gentlemanly, high-toned, and honorable.

Whenever a young man got into the habit of failing to prepare his work, he was usually sent to General Lee, who would give him a talk. Lee was very kind to such students, but he could be very firm and positive, too, when it was necessary.

A certain student came late to his classes for several days. One morning after the chapel exercises, General Lee met him on the campus, just coming to his work. He spoke pleasantly to the student, who raised his cap. General Lee then said to him, "Tell your aunt I say will she please have breakfast a little earlier for you." His manner was so kind, and the student felt so ashamed that his aunt should seemingly be blamed for his tardiness, that he made up his mind not to be late again.

One year, a rule was made by the college officers that Christmas day was to be the only holiday the students were to have at this season. As they had been used to having a week or more, the students did not like this rule. So a great many of them got together and wrote out a paper against it. Then they signed their names to the paper and tacked it to a tree on the campus. In this paper they had declared they would not get their lessons nor attend the professors' classes during Christmas week.

General Lee soon learned of their action. Then he said that if the young men tried to carry out their resolution, he would expel every student, lock up the college, and put the key in his pocket. It was amusing how fast the students tried to get their names off the paper. The attendance at the classes is said to have been unusually good that Christmas week.

One of Lee's greatest pleasures and his chief means of rest while he lived at Lexington was riding his war horse, Traveler, about the country. He often took with him some of the little daughters of the professors. They were always delighted to go with him. Once he carried two little girls to ride, one of whom had mumps. General Lee pretended great fear that Traveler would have the disease, asking, "What shall I do for him if he gets mumps?" The little girls thought this very funny, and tried to tell him how to cure the disease, but, of course, Traveler was never bothered with it.

This horse was a very fine and beautiful one. He was iron-gray in color with black mane and tail. He was full of fire, and when excited, hard to manage. Once during the war, the general had dismounted to rest, and was sitting on a log with the reins over his arm when Traveler became frightened, reared, jerked at the bridle, and then suddenly dashed away. His master was thrown to the ground, both his hands were hurt, and some small bones broken in one of them.

It was six weeks before the general could go without his hand in a sling, but he did not lose his love for his horse or his confidence in him. At another time when the horse had been left tied by his master, he became frightened, broke away, and ran off. When General Lee came back, a great crowd had gathered and was trying to catch the general's horse for him. Lee asked them please to be quiet. He then stepped out where he could be seen by the horse and gave a whistle. Traveler heard him and at once came trotting back to his master.

Lee often rode out among the farms about Lexington. He might sometimes be seen sitting on Traveler, talking with some farmer about the crops, the weather, and the outlook for a plentiful harvest for the year. This was one of the general's favorite pleasures. As he could not now have a farm of his own to look after, he found happiness in other people's farms.

With all his duties and cares, Lee did not fail to love his pets and to care for them to the last. At Lexington he had two cats named Baxter and Tom the Nipper. Tom got his name from being so quick to "nip" the rats and mice about the house. One night when it was cold and stormy, General Lee was awakened to hear Tom outside begging to be let in. The general got up and opened the window, but still Tom could not get in. The window was too high for him. Then the general took Mrs. Lee's crutch and reached it as far

out as he could. Tom climbed on to the end of it and was lifted into the warm room. No doubt the cat was grateful for such kindness.

General Lee always loved children. He had a little boy friend at Lexington. During one of the commencements of the college, when every one was expected to be on grand behavior, this little boy saw General Lee sitting in the place of honor on the rostrum. As he wished to sit with his friend, the general, he slipped away from his mother and climbed upon the platform. He found his way to Lee and took his place beside him and finally climbed into Lee's lap, all unconscious that he should have acted at all otherwise.

General Lee himself was greatly loved by all the soldiers who had ever served under him. After the war, an old soldier, who had been under Lee in the Second Regiment of the United States cavalry in Texas, heard that Lee was very poor and in want. This soldier had fought on the Union side, but he could not bear to think that his old commander might be in need, so he got a basket, and having filled it with provisions, carried it to General Lee. When he saw Lee, he was so glad that he seized him in his arms and kissed him. Lee was grateful to him for the provisions, but more so for his kindness, and he said to the man, "If you have more food or money than you need, give it to the poor, crippled Confederate soldiers."

Lee was once seen at his yard gate in Lexington, talking with an old man, who seemed very much pleased with the notice he was receiving from so great a soldier. At last the old man went away, his manner showing that he was in high spirits. General Lee, on being asked who the man was, replied, "That is one of our old soldiers who is needy. He fought on the other side, but we must not think of that." It was afterwards learned that Lee not only had spoken kindly to the soldier, but had helped him with money.

You see that it seemed impossible for Lee to dislike any one. Once when some one spoke unkindly of the Union soldiers and the Northern people, Lee said, "How can you speak such things? There has not been a day since the war began that I have not prayed for them." After one of the battles of the war, General Lee was riding over the field. A Federal soldier who was near by, lying wounded on the ground, saw Lee as he was going past him. The young Federal shouted, "Hurrah for the Union!" and Lee then rode up to where the boy was lying. The young soldier afterward said he was certain that Lee was going to kill him, but the general got down from his horse, gave him his hand, and said, "My son, I hope you will soon be well." After Lee rode away, the young fellow, there on the bloody ground, cried himself to sleep, thinking of such unexpected goodness and kindness.

There were few men who laid aside the war and its bitter memories more completely than General Lee. A lady once came to Lexington to place her sons in college. While talking to the general, she spoke harshly of the North. Now, although Lee had fought the North as hard as he could, he never spoke unkindly of those who had been his foes, nor did he like to hear others do so. So he said to the lady, "Madam, do not train up your children in hostility to the government of the United States. Remember that we are one country now. Dismiss from your mind all sectional feeling and bring them up to be Americans."

During one of his campaigns in Virginia, General Lee had taken a very severe cold, which made his throat sore. Treat it as he would, it seemed that he could not cure it. By October of 1869, his throat had become badly affected and was giving him a great deal of pain and trouble. The next spring, the doctors persuaded him to go farther south, to Georgia and Florida, hoping a warmer climate would relieve him. At last he agreed to go. But he knew his absence would add to the work of the other professors. So in order that a new president might be elected to perform the duties of that office, he resigned. But as the other professors were glad to do Lee's work, the trustees of the college would not accept his resignation.

His daughter, Agnes, went with him on this trip.

He was gladly welcomed in the South, and great crowds gathered at all the railway stations where he was to pass. They brought loads of fruit and all sorts of delicacies for the great general. Agnes said the people seemed to want to kill them with good things to eat. The people would want him to come out on the platform of the coach so they could see him. But Lee was modest, as he always had been, and did not like to do so. At one place where the crowd was clamoring to see him, he asked, "Why should they wish to see me? I am only a poor old Confederate."

He stayed in Georgia and Florida for several months, but he got no better. In the summer, he went back to Virginia and then visited the Hot Springs in that State. Here again his throat got no better. Then he went back to his old home and spent a few days. He said his visits to Florida and the Hot Springs helped him very little, but it did him good to go to the old place and see the mules walking around and the corn growing.

In September, 1870, he again took up his college duties. While he had been away, the trustees had set aside a large sum of money to build Lee a good home at Lexington, and to give him three thousand dollars every year. As usual Lee refused the money altogether, but agreed to live in the house as the official home of the college president.

General Lee was a member of the Protestant Episco-

pal church at Lexington, and always was very faithful to his religious duties. One cloudy, damp afternoon in October, he went to a business meeting of the church, the object of which was to increase the pastor's salary. When the meeting was nearly ready to close, not enough money to raise the salary had been made up. General Lee quietly agreed to pay what was lacking in addition to the large share he already was paying. He then went home. He had worn his military cloak over his other clothes, but still the dampness of the room had made him cold and chilly.

When he reached his house, he found his family waiting supper for him. He came into the dining room and was just going to ask a blessing on the evening meal, but he found that he could not speak a word. So he silently took his place at the table. He was removed to his bed and a physician was sent for.

Everything possible was done for the general, but he steadily grew worse. His physician said to him, "General, you must make haste and get well; Traveler has been standing so long in his stable that he needs exercise." General Lee did not speak, but he shook his head, for he knew that he could never ride the dear old war horse again.

He lingered on his bed until the 12th of October, when he died. Toward the last he could speak a little. His mind seemed to be with the past, probably fighting over

again some of his great battles, for once he said, "Tell Hill he must come up," and his last words, "Strike the tent," seemed to show that he was again passing through some of the great and glorious days of his life. He did not speak much, however, and for the most part, the silence in the room was unbroken. Thus the old hero quietly breathed his last.

On the next day, his body was borne to the college chapel. In the front of the procession marched a guard of old Confederates. The clergyman came second. The hearse was next, just behind which Traveler in full equipment and wearing crêpe was led by two old soldiers. Behind these followed a long line made up of the trustees, faculty, and cadets of the college, and citizens of the town.

His body lay in state on the platform for two days. His face was left uncovered, and thousands came to look at it for the last time. The children came too, and seemed to grieve more, if possible, than any one else. Then he was buried in the college chapel with the simple burial service of his church and a military salute from the college guns. He was sorely missed, and people all over America grieved for him.

Even at the time of his death, General Lee had already taken his place as one of the greatest, the best, and the noblest of all Americans. The *London Standard*, a great English newspaper, said, "A country which

has given birth to men like him, and those who followed him, may look the chivalry of Europe in the face without shame, for the fatherlands of Sidney and Bayard never produced a nobler soldier and Christian than General Robert E. Lee."

His birthday is now celebrated as a holiday in the South as well as in other parts of the country. On that day, banks and other business houses close. Schools and colleges celebrate the day with speeches, papers, and grand orations, commemorating his valor and his virtues.

Washington College, of which Lee had been president, was founded by General George Washington. After the Revolution closed, the people of Virginia wished to show the great love they bore Washington. They therefore gave him some very valuable bonds. As he was rich and did not need them he would not accept the bonds for himself, but knowing the Virginians meant a kindness, he would not hurt their feelings by entirely refusing the gift. So he proposed that the bonds be used to found a school. This met with favor, and Washington College was built and named for him. It flourished but went down during the Civil War. Because Lee did so much to rebuild it, the trustees, after he died, decided that it should bear Lee's name along with that of Washington, so that it is now Washington and Lee University. There is a monu-

ment to Lee at the University, and also a fine one at Richmond.

Benjamin Harvey Hill was a great Georgian who knew and loved Lee. Perhaps there could be no more fitting close to this book than Hill's tribute to his friend. You

LEE MONUMENT AT WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY

may not now quite understand it all, but if you will read it carefully, I think you will agree that it was a fine thing to say. Of Lee, Hill said, "He possessed every virtue of other great commanders without their vices. He was a foe without hate; a friend without treachery; a soldier without cruelty; a victor without oppression; and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vices; a private citizen with-

out wrong; a neighbor without reproach; a Christian without hypocrisy; and a man without guile. He was Cæsar without his ambition; Frederick, without his tyranny; Napoleon, without his selfishness; and Washington, without his reward. He was obedient to authority as a servant, and royal in authority as a true king. He was gentle as a woman in life; modest and pure as a virgin in thought; watchful as a Roman vestal in duty; submissive to law as Socrates; and grand in battle as Achilles."

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